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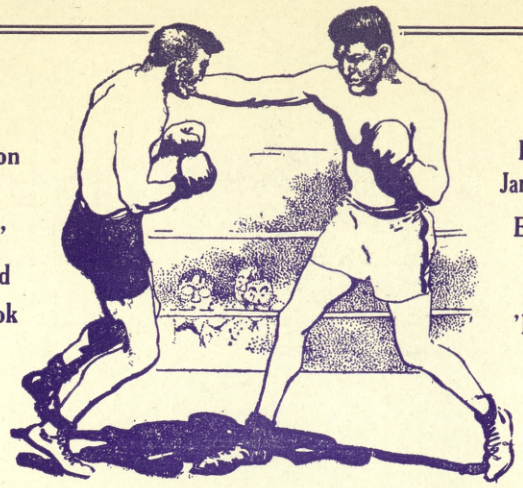

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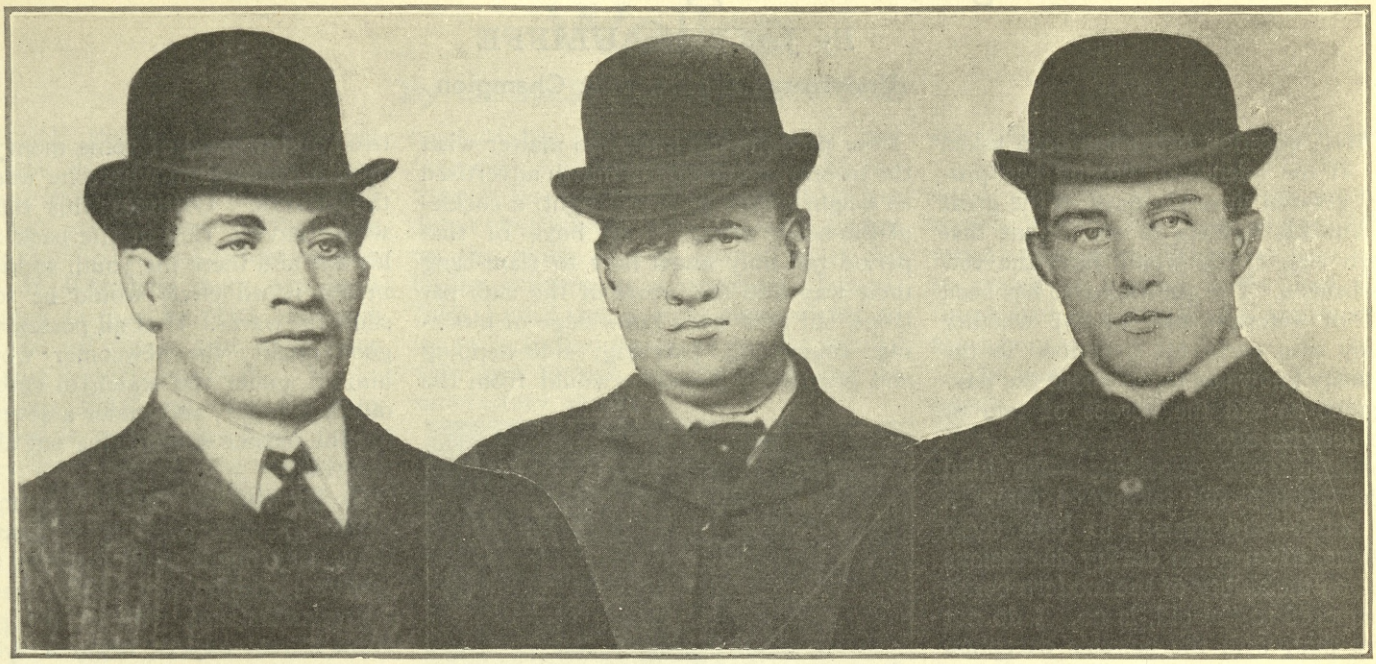

TOM SHARKEY CHARLEY WHITE NICK ELLIOTT

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Why Boxing is a Lost Art

By JACK McAULIFFE
Undefeated Lightweight Champion

THE question often has been asked if the science of boxing has progressed since the days of the great bare knuckle fighters to the extent that modern ring critics would have the veterans believe. The question also has been asked of veterans like myself whether the boy who earns his livelihood in the ring today knows as much about the boxing game as did the heroes of two or three decades ago.

Speaking from experience—the kind gained through the taking of many a hard knock—my answer to both these questions, often given during discussions waged on the ability of the modern boxer as compared to the old, is no. I do not believe that, with the possible exception of four or at most half a dozen of our greatest fighters today, the average battler classes with the ring generals of the days when champions and near champions fought for a mere pittance.

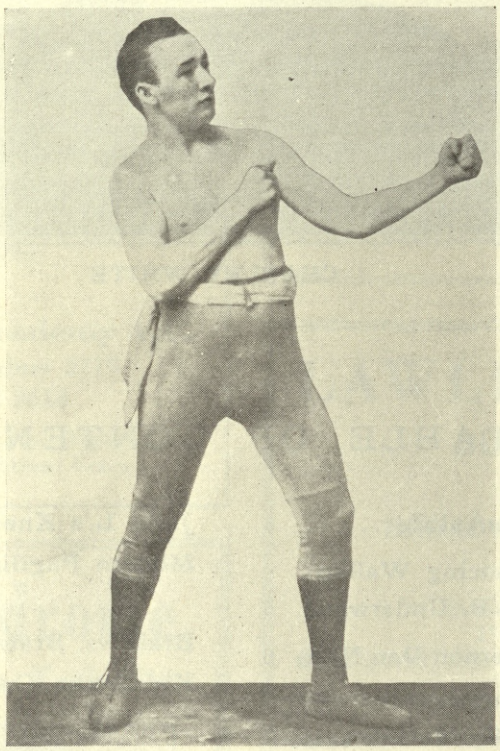
For every one expert of our present period whose skill and punching ability make him a byword in fistic centers men like myself, who went through the mill in the days when fighting meant fighting, can name two dozen battlers in the same division who, were they alive today, would take two and sometimes even three of the modern crop of boxers and put them in dreamland in one night and in one ring.

This statement might be a rather strong one and might even bring on cat-calls from the keen supporters of the modern type of boxer, but I still maintain that for class the modern boys do not stand on the same level with the champions and topnotchers of old.

Ask the majority of modern boxers how to counter or sidestep and you will find that this branch of boxing means practically nothing to them. All they know is to stand up with an opponent, give him blow for blow if possible, take whatever punishment is meted out to him and then await the verdict of the referee or judges. Such was not the case in the old days.

Then, when a fellow thought he could box, first he had to demonstrate his ability before a select gathering in some old barn, some stable, a dance hall or rear of a saloon, and if found proficient he immediately would get a backer who would challenge for him. Today any boxer or "would-be" boxer can obtain a match if he has a wise manager, but his knowledge of the ring game is so meagre that the fight fan who pays the freight cannot be one-tenth as enthused as were the fans of twenty or thirty years ago.

For then the fan knew, no matter what the price of admission, a match advertised as a fight would be a real fight, a cockle-of-the-heart affair. The boys of that period not only knew how to slam-bang their way into the hearts of the club patrons, but their keen knowledge of blocking, countering, parrying, side-stepping and general ring science would from the



Jack McAuliffe

start preclude any possibility of a stalling match being handed the fans.

The boys of the old period were students of boxing, but today the average boxer doesn't know what a study of the ring game means.

Take the cases of Benny Leonard, Jack Britton, Jack Dempsey, Mike Gibbons, Pete Herman, Johnny Dundee and Lew Tendler and compare the work of these boys with that of some of their keenest rivals, and you will find out why the above-named boxers continue year in and year out to draw big crowds and to gain victory after victory.

There is a reason. Gray matter is stored up in their brains. Not that I intend to accuse their rivals of not possessing this matter, but that I assert at least the boxers above named have repeatedly shown that they are students of boxing as well as fighters, hence the reason their career is marked by success.

In the old days, in almost every city in this country and in England where boxing was patronized, some old pugilist, retired and in need of some money, would open a gymnasium where he would train the boxers. Ofttimes this old "pug" would have a ring in the back room of his bar and there the youth seeking fame in the roped circle would be forced to show his wares. If at all possessing some good quality the newcomer would find himself under the watchful care of the old-time boxer, and under a severe training the master would bring out all within the youth.

Today what do we find? Gymnasiums spring up almost over night. Youths who think they might make good in the professional boxing game flock to these training quarters and, without any guidance from a real expert, begin a system of training that develops only one part of their body. They then place themselves in the hands of some unscrupulous manager—not a trained man who might do the boy some good, but the type of hanger-on so often found in all gymnasiums, the type so well represented to the readers of THE RING by James K. McGuinness in his "Kid Socko" stories. The result—a fine boxing prospect gone to the dogs. One or two fights and the youth is ready to take a trip to Denver to recuperate.

Take this same youth and place him in the hands of a veteran handler, a master of the boxing game, a student of the ring sport who has been tried and proved not wanting, and you will soon see this newcomer presenting a different appearance. Good trainers, master instructors in every gymnasium, the elimination of the fly-by-night, unscrupulous managers, a severe course of training that will harden the newcomer beyond the possibility of danger are the things necessary to place boxing on the high plane it deserves. Under such conditions boxing will regain its lost effectiveness and the great exhibitions of the past will be restored.

There are enough former great old-timers in almost every big city of this country who could be drawn upon to teach the youth of the land the science of boxing. Such master instructors engaged in gymnasiums which specialize in the handling of boxers would bring about a change in the method of procedure that would revolutionize the sport.

Styles of boxing, as told by Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, in his last instalment of "The History of Boxing," resulted from following the recognized leader of the sport in the country where that leader resided. So with the master

(*Continued on page* 13)

The "Sling Shot"—Latest Sleep-Producing Wallop

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

WHEN Pepper Martin nicked Babe Herman's jaw with his left mauler in Madison Square Garden last month and wafted the the tawny thatched little Californian into the arms of Morpheus there was born a new punch to take its place alongside some of the pet blows that have gone down in ring history before it.

The "Sling Shot" is what the fans aptly dubbed it, and Jimmy Kelly hopes to see the blow become just as famous as John L. Sullivan's "Right to the Jugular," Bob Fitzsimmons's "Solar Plexus," Kid McCoy's "Corkscrew," Gunboat Smith's "Occipital," Frank Moran's tried and trusty "Mary Ann," Dempsey's "Rabbit Punch" and Carpentier's "One-Two."

When you were a boy did you ever use an old fashioned sling shot? Or did you ever tie a stone or an apple or a ball on the end of a string, give it a couple of whirls around your head and let it go and see the remarkable distance you could hurl it?

Martin's "Sling Shot" punch operates in much the same manner. His lean sinewy arm is the string, his clenched fist the stone. When Pepper snaps home the punch his fist gathers momentum—just like the stone in a sling shot or at the end of a string.

And Babe Herman will attest to the fact that when it lands it certainly can ring down the curtain and "turn off the daylight."

You don't have to land solid with it. In fact the punch has greater effect when it simply nicks the jaw as in the case of Herman. It has greater effect when landed from the side, for if it comes straight the neck and shoulder muscles furnish something of a buttress for it.

Whether you are going away or coming in the punch has only to nick your jaw to make you temporarily forget the lack of the amber colored brew that helped make life worth living in the pre-Volstead era, or any other vexations or worries.

It's a dangerous punch, the "Sling Shot," for coming wide as it does it leaves the sender open to a short straight puncher. It will meet with most success among the "take a chance" type of boxers. Land it before the other fellow shoots his and you will bring home the bacon. If you wait for him to pot you on your own jaw first it's your own funeral.

John L. Sullivan's "Right to the Jugular" was the first of the pet punches most of the present generation of ring fans ever heard tell about. The Boston Strong Boy early discovered that you didn't necessarily need to land square on the point of the jaw to start the birdies chirping in an opponent's bonnet. John found out a right hand swing to the neck, in that region where the jugular vein lies buried, accomplished just as satisfactory results.

The most famous punch of 'em all, however, was Bob Fitzsimmons's "Solar Plexus." It was a blow used by countless boxers before him and as many since, a drive to the pit of the stomach. Such a punch simply figuratively "knocks the wind out of you."

But Fitzsimmons's method of delivering it and the scientific description of it and its results awoke more public interest than in any other blow.

Coming back on the train from Carson City to San Francisco after the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, Billy Naughton, the famous Coast expert, happened to be talking with a doctor who had been a member of the William R. Hearst party at the ringside. The doctor in describing Corbett's knockout casually mentioned the solar plexus, the nerve center at the pit of the stomach, and how a blow there produced a sort of a paralysis by the driving up of the diaphragm.

Not waiting to get back to San Francisco Naughton sat down and dashed out a long story on the "Solar Plexus" punch and how the world's heavyweight title had changed hands on it. He turned it in at the next telegraph station.

The story travelled around the world. Naughton made the "Solar Plexus" punch famous. It helped to make him famous as well.

Few boxers ever have been able to land that punch to the pit of the stomach with the grace of execution that marked the delivery of Fitzsimmons. Generally Bob drove it home in accompaniment with his famous shift. He used to feint with his left then bluff with a right to the jaw, suddenly shift and bury that freckled left mauler wrist deep in an opponent's mid-section.

Gunboat Smith's "Occipital" punch and Frank Moran's "Mary Ann" were twin sisters to John L. Sullivan's old "Right to the Jugular." Smith's punch was a long overhand right swing that landed on the occipital bone, just behind the ear.

Following Naughton's stunt in connection with the Solar Plexus blow Bob Edgren wrote a story based on the scientific side of the "Occipital" punch.

The fans, however, didn't like that word occipital, at all. They promptly named the blow the "hospital punch." It was no misnomer. Whenever the Gunner succeeded in landing it the Red Cross Corps had to come to the assistance of his opponent.

The fans quickly forgot the "Occipital" punch but they'll never forget the "'ospital blow." Tales of it will keep Gunboat Smith in the memories of the fistic fans long after he otherwise would be forgotten.

Frank Moran's "Mary Ann" was a long right hand swing which the red haired Pittsburgh heavyweight strived to land on the "button". Frank might have to shoot a score of times before he found the spot, for "Mary Ann" was a "wild woman" and Frank had troubles controlling her. But when "Mary Ann" did really and truly find the way home—it was time for the fans to go also.

Reams of stuff was written about Kid McCoy's "Corkscrew" left, a modification of the Dal Hawkins's left hook. McCoy had a canny way of picking out holes in an opponent's defense and shooting the punch through. He was so fast and accurate in his shots that it was next to impossible to stop him from getting the punch through one's guard. It was the way McCoy used to sneak that hook through from most unexpected and impossible angles that caused the punch to be known as the "Corkscrew."

Everyone is familiar with Jack Dempsey's so called "Rabbit Punch," the blow to the back of the head when an opponent covers up, crouches over and will not come up out of it. The fans all know about Carpentier's skillful rendition of Willie Lewis's old "One-two" punch, the jaw tilting straight left and accompanying crashing right.

The fans never fastened any name on Jack Johnson's pet uppercuts, nor on any of the slams with which Sam Langford used to knock his opponents "cuckoo." George Dixon's double punch to head and body, or reversed to body and head, was a far more difficult and dangerous punch than Carpentier's "One-Two" to the jaw. Dixon's twin blows and the wonderfully scientific and accurate way he executed them simply was known as the "double punch."

The Dal Hawkin's left hook taught him by the great Billy Dacey also was a wonderful blow but left unnamed. Terry McGovern, Benny Leonard, Joe

(*Continued on page* 10)

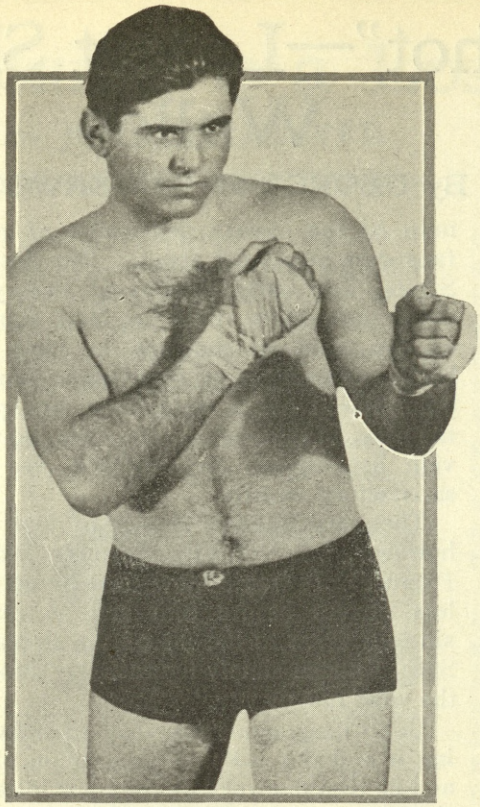
Argentinians Go Wild Over Firpo

By VERNON VAN NESS

DOWN in Argentina, according to a sportsman who just returned from South America after a 11 months' stay there, when you ask for a cigar nowadays it is quite likely you will be passed a "Firpo." If you ask for a tube of toothpaste the drug clerk will politely ask "Have you ever tried the Firpo Film Remover; it is the best on the market?" Walk down the street and into a bar and ask for something nice and cooling and refreshing and the bartender will mix you a drink and if you ask what it is he will reply "It is a Firpo; isn't it a knockout?"

When you purchase yourself a new pair of shoes you will be cajoled into putting your feet into a pair of Firpo Form Fitting shoes. Your straw hat is certain to be a Firpo Fedora; the best makes of razors have a special Firpo Fuzz Eradicator; the soap merchants have a Firpo Soap that makes Socking Suds; the perfumers have a new scent called Firpo Fantasie; one whiff and it puts you to sleep; no one is in style unless he wears a Firpo Form Fitting evening suit; the high priced automobiles have a special body designed and called The Firpo.

The Firpo suite is likely to be added to every hotel of any consequence in Argentina. The Flappers—and they have some beauties in dear old Argentina—are all wearing Firpo Finger Rings, the wearer of which is certain to be well guarded against attacks by male flirts. A cigarette manufacturer has pictures of Firpo himself on the packages of all of his wares. You are out of style if you do not have your hair cut a la Firpo, in that dear Argentina.



LUIS FIRPO

Argentina's heavyweight who has become an idol with South American fight fans

Argentina style chili con carne is the hottest dish on the menu and the most popular. A tea merchant advertises Firpo brand beverage and the soft drink and not so soft drink manufacturers have bottled Firpo "with a kick in every drop."

Streets are being named Firpo; the national fandango is to be called The Firpo; the national anthem will probably be rewritten to get Firpo in somewhere in a heroic light. There is even a movement on foot to issue five centavio pieces to be known as Five Firpo, but a cry has gone up that the Five Firpo should be reserved for use on money of higher denomination.

Mothers are naming their offspring—of the male tendency—Firpo and the little girl babies will probably be called Firpoa.

And so it goes and it's all in honor of Luis Angel Firpo, the heavyweight champion of Argentina, who put the soporific sleeping sock on Mr. Herman at Ebbets Field recently after knocking out two other Americans. Luis is a big hero in Argentina—and he hopes to be one here.

Right now he is wondering if he should go home and become a lionized hero on his present accomplishments, or wait a while until he socks a few more American heavyweights, and then go home and accept the presidency of his native land and the hand of one of the several thousand Argentinian belles who have proposed to him by mail and cable during the short time Luis Angel has been in this dear United States.

He is still wondering, in the meantime trying to make another decision; to wit: "How shall I sock that dear Jack Dempsey when I meet him?"

Sam Langford Is "Human," After All, and—He's Broke

"He ain't human!" is the manner in which Jack Johnson, then heavyweight champion of the world, characterized Sam Langford, the dark-hued wraith who trailed him for half a dozen years in an endeavor to get a "crack" at the title. And in those days Sam well-nigh lived up to Johnson's characterization of him. Yet, after all, we find that Sam was and is human. And he has fallen prey to human ruin as do other mortals.

Recently he lost bouts to Harry Wills, Bill Tate and "Tut" Jackson, three negro boxers who were more or less unknown a few years ago. Sam is now fat and unfit. He is also nearly "broke," it is said. The once comfortable fortune he possessed has been scattered by careless living. Now the bank roll is thin and the stomach muscles are thick and flabby. Sammy can't retrieve his lost fortunes; he has hit the broad skid that so many other fighters before him have encountered. After all, he is very much human.

This can be said of Langford, however: He did his fighting in the ring and outside of it behaved himself well enough. He seldom was in trouble, excepting with himself, and he used to say of himself, if he was correctly quoted, "Sammy can take care of hisself and intends doin' it." And he meant by that, in those days when his squat but ominous figure used to dash across the ring to deliver a sudden sleep potion to some brave but incautious opponent, that he thought himself invincible in the ring.

But he proved to be human, after all, and that was his downfall. Napoleon had his Waterloo, but Sam's wasn't water!

Pete Hobin a Great Fighter

Pete Hobin the Belgium Lion, has all the top notch welterweights on the anxious seat since his arrival in this country. He has taken six of our best welters into camp and threatens to take many more of them. Hobin reminds one of the once Terrible Terry McGovern, with his slam-bang style. He is by far the best European fighter seen in this country in many moons.

Vote for Your Favorite

Beginning with this issue, THE RING each month will print the picture of six boxers with a little story telling who these boys are and what their standing in the pugilistic world is.

The selection of these boxers is up to the readers of THE RING. Each copy contains a coupon which entitles the reader to one vote. The six boxers receiving the greatest number of votes this month will have their photos in the July number.

The unsuccessful boxers will have a good chance to get their pictures in the popularity gallery the following month because THE RING will add all votes recorded for the July issue to those received for the August issue. This will be the case only with the unsuccessful boys. The votes of those whose pictures appear in one issue will not count with the votes for the following issue.

Shaun the Bullock Becomes Champion

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

REILLEY put his glass down and sighed with a world of satisfaction. On his face was a smile that even the swipe of the back of his caressing hand across his drooping mustache did not serve to erase.

" 'Tis the rale shtuff," he said to the group of customers gathered at the bar. " 'Tis the koind I always drank in the good ould days, before they made a man a criminal, whether or no, that took a drink, an' what would be the ust av livin' if ye couldn't be wettin' yer whistle wonct in a whoile with somethin' stronger than the stuff they use fir washin' glasses and' clothes?

"It warms me ould heart to have a drink th' loikes av that," he went on, "an' the saints know that me heart is in nade av warmin' these days, fir whin they're not taxin' ye they're raidin' ye, an' whin they're not doin' aithyer 'tis free drinks that they're lookin' fir, an' may th' curse av Cromwell fall on th' whole pack av Prohibitioners an' all their wur-rks.

"A man that would be found in company av a Prohibitioner would rob a poor box, an' lower than that I nivir hope to hear tell of human bein' sinkin', if as low.

"But ye must forgive me fir gettin' annoyed," Reilley apologized. " 'Tis indade a sore subject with me, although I am in bittir timpir after that last drap av th' rale stuff than I've been since th' day that Shaun th' Bullock won th' heavyweight champeenship av Oireland, an' me havin' bet ten pound on th' bhoy, an' in thim days ye could come pretty near to buyin' a choice buildin' lot an the Hill av Tara itself fir ten pound.

"What?" asked Reilley indignantly, in response to an inquiry from one of the customers. "D'ye mean to say that ye nivir heard tell av Shaun th' Bullock—Shaun th' Bullock that measured more around his arms than Pat McDonald does around th' waist an' used a circus tint an' pole fir an umbrella? 'Tis a foine sort av shportsman that ye are, an' you callin' yourself a lover av th' manly art av silfdifinse, an' don't know about th' man that knocked wan av his opponents so far with wan wallop av his lift hand that it took a searchin' pharty three days an' nights to catch up with him."

Growing enthusiastic in the recounting of the glories of his hero, Reilley hastily seized the bottle beneath the bar and, before he knew what he was doing, filled the empty glasses ranged along the mahogany. The fell deed completed, his face went white in the realization of what he had done, but there was no withdrawal, so the good man decided to make the best of things. He drank with the crowd.

" 'Tis good whiskey indade," he commented, "an' will worth iviry cint that no wan has paid fir it."

Then he hastily removed the empty glasses, lest he be led to further indiscretions, and continued his tale.

"It came about in th' days when I was a young blood mesilf, with nothin' to worry me but an occasional harsh wur-rd from Pat O'Toole, that used to run th' White Horse Hotel and Tap in th' County Longford, fir Pat was not a man fir lettin' his customers run up big bar bills, but sildom indade did he nade to have wur-rds with me an th' subject, fir I was th' promptest man in th' four provinces whin it came to settlin' accounts fir an occasional bottle av stout an' a few drinks av rale whiskey.

"Will, wan day we drank far into th noight, be way av celebratin' th' election av a Home Ruler, which was a ghrand thing fir Oireland in thim days, an' not the act av traitors loike it is now. An' av coorse we got to talkin' over th' ghrand toimes whin, as we used to rade in school, Rid Hugh O'Neill buried his dagger in th' heart av th' invader, an' more power to his good roight arm fir th' doin' av a great dade th' loikes av that.

"An' so, with wan drink an' another, an' some av th' bhoys not bein' able to stand as much as they should, bein' Oirishmin an' shtrong in the fate, a few av thim fill to th' flure, an' what does Old Man McCarthy, th' old reprybate, say but that th' race is not what it used to be an' 'tis a black dhay fir Oireland, indade, indade, whin her shons can't stand a few thimblefuls av th' gude sthuff without fallin' in a hape before thir betters.

"An' with that, av coorse, thir is an arguyment, an' wan wurrd lades to two or three more, as it will sometimes, an' th' furst thing ye know what have we done but committed oursilves to promote a boxin' tournayment fir th' champeenship av all Oireland, an' us half-dhrunk at th' toime, or maybe bittir thin that.

"So, av coorse, thir is nothin' to it but that we have to see th' thing through to th' bittir ind, an' 'tis no grate task at that, save fir the findin' av a man that will sthand up agin' Killer McCann, th' Phride av Kerry, an' him weighin' eighteen stun ten an th' hay scales, an' built in proportion."

Reilley paused with alacrity this time, for one of the cash customers had spoken words pleasing to his ears. The rites concluded, even to the ringing of the cash register bell, the genial proprietor picked up the thread of his story.

"Will," he went on, " 'twas nothin' at all to find entrants fir th' smaller classes, but heavyweights was as scarce as Prohibitioners in heaven, an' scarcer thin that I nivir hope to see, but I happened to know av Shaun th' Bullock, an' him only a bit av a spalpeen thin, an' not havin' attained his full growth av sivin feet six inches around th' chist, fir in thim days he measured no more than six foot nine, an' that with his full av breath.

"So I wint to his ould mother's farrm in Longford, hopin' that he would be home, an' shure enough he was, havin' lost his job with th' circus, by raisin av havin' kilt an iliphant with wan slap av his open handt, an' that because th' clumsy brute had stippid an his big toe, an' sorra sympathy should th' baste git, not knowin' bittir than to angir Shaun th' Bullock, an' him with more strength in his roight ahrm thin all th' soldiers av England, bad cess to thim.

"I needn't till ye that it did me hart good to see th' bhoy, an' him droppin' a horse he was carryin' in his arrms out av his grate jhoy to greet me. An' it took little or no toime to fix it up that Shaun would come to the tournyamint an' box this Kerry Killer that all other min was afraid of, an' sorra wonder at that, seein' th' grate weight an' strength av th' bhrute, that had wonct bin known to kill sivin min with a sthone he had thrown a moile an' a half, Oirish measure, to hit thim."

Reilley paused momentarily to fill another request for refreshments, but quickly got back to the main business of the evening.

"Will," he said, "Ould Man McCarthy could see nothin' to th' heavyweight bout but th' Kerry Killer, him not knowin' nothin' av Shaun th' Bullock, that could have licked Samson, haircut or no haircut, th' bist day he ivir saw. So, av coorse, I said nothin' about him, an' we laid tin pound apiece an th' outcome av th' big foight.

" 'Tis av no account that I should trouble ye with a long tale av th' ordinary bouts, fir they wir grate foights in thir way, but nothin' to what happened whin th' Kerry Killer an' Shaun th' Bullock got into th' ring to foight fir th' champeenship av all Oireland, an' what greater honor could thir be fir th' winner than that?

"Will, th' ring bein' too small fir such grate min, it was decided by the com-ittee to enclose McCullogh's tin-acre field

fir th' foight, an' rope it aff with th' spectators around th' edges. An' so that was done an' th' two min entered th' ring, all rules bein' suspinded, ixcipt that thir should be no bitin' in th' clinches, an account av it bein' too big a ring fir th' spectators to see such small an' unimportant details.

"In a minute they wir at it, an' th' earth shook with thir charges as both min rushed at each ithir, but aven thin it was apparent to all that wan good, solid punch frim Shaun an' 'twould be all over. An' shure enough, so it was, fir Shaun caught th' Kerry Killer flush on th' jaw, an' th' poor brute landed an th' top av a nearby hill an the second hop, an' he would have gone much farther but fir th' grade bein' so steep.

"So the judges viry properly awarded th' victory to Shaun th' Bullock, under th' rhule that if a man did not answer th' bill fir th' nixt rhound he was licked, an' thir was no hope fir th' Kerry Killer doin' that, fir it was asily a tin-minute walk frim wher he landed back to the nearest corner av th' ring.

"A grate man was Shaun th' Bullock, an' 'tis hardly loikely that th' loikes av him will be seen again," Reilley concluded. "Shaun th' Bullock that was sthronger than an iliphant an' not half as loikely to die av pneumonia."

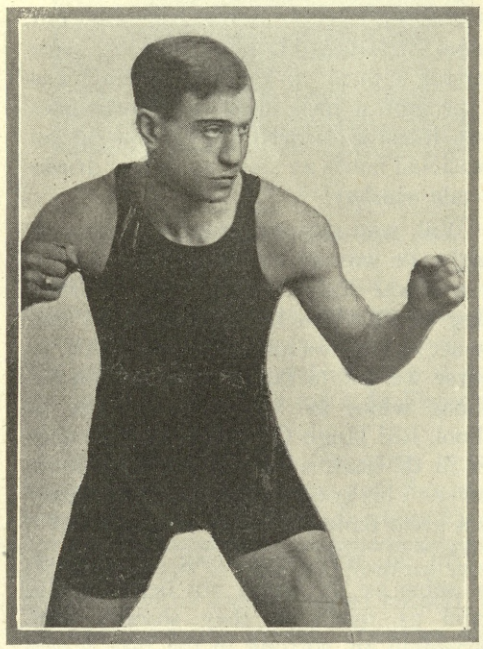
Shadows of the Past

By FRANK E. COULTRY

A REPORT from the Coast a few days ago to the effect that Leach Cross, former New York East Side lightweight, had applied to the Supreme Court for permission to legally adopt his fighting name in the practice of his profession of dentistry brought back to many ardent fight fans vivid recollections of sensational ring bouts which Leachie, born Louis Wallach, fought all over the country. Leach, in his application, declared that he is known from coast to coast under his fighting name, is always greeted by that name in sporting circles as well as in professional gatherings, hence feels he is justified in adopting that name in the practice of his chosen profession.

The passing of Cross as a fighter and his final decision to stick to the field for which he is now better fitted because of age, brings back to the mind of the writer the great battle between Cross and Willie Fitzgerald in the National A. C. of New York City. Cross even a dozen years after he started as a boxer, was just one step from the championship. At all times the fight fans were certain that, no matter whom he faced, Leach would give the boys a full run for their money. Most persons, strange as it may seem, came to the fights in which Leach engaged to see Cross knocked out, but they always had to go home disappointed, for Leach in all his career had the haymaker landed on him only once after his first year, a knockout by Fighting Dick Hyland in the forty-first session.

Leach's brother, Sam Wallach, who for many years acted as family manager to the Cross brothers, Leach and Marty, tells an interesting story of how the fighting dentist drifted into the field of boxing. Leach, who was quite an athlete during his school days on the lower East Side of Manhattan, decided one day to take a crack at a cross-country run which was to have started from Celtic Park, famous battle ground of the Irish-American Athletic Club. The affair was the head liner in an entertainment that featured an Irish picnic.



Leach Cross

Leach, a Jew by birth, fearing complications, and at that time not fully aware that he possessed a punch in either hand that some day would make him famous, turned in his application and changed his name. Needless to say, Leach proved a bloomer and finished far in the ruck. On the program were several boxing exhibitions, in one of which Lew Sheppard was entered. Lew's sparring partner failed to appear, and Leach, a friend of Lew's, consented to take the wallops for the amusement of the Irishmen.

So well did Leach perform that Sheppard advised him to enter the field of professional boxing. From that day, Leach became known by his fighting name and in less than one year after he fought several sensational fights in the old Roman A. C. of New York City, down in the tough Dry Dock district, Leach's name spread like wildfire and he became one of the most advertised boxers in the lightweight division.

Recently Benny Leonard, Cross's successor as the "East Side's Own," gave an interview in which he told of the anxiety which his mother and father felt every time Benny donned the mitts to defend his title. This brings to mind a story Leach once told the writer.

"Dad never came to see me fight. He and mother would walk to within a stone's throw of the battleground, remain in a doorway and there wait until the fight was over. Then a signal from me or one of the boys would give them the news they so eagerly were awaiting. I shall never forget the night I fought Battling Hurley and stopped him in one minute. He was a tough baby who had fought them all, and not a soul was able to floor him. I clipped him on the chin before he could get started and no sooner had the count indicated a victory than I hopped out of the ring, ran to the door and with a wave of a handkerchief informed my anxious parents that the fight was over. They were even more astonished than I was."

Leach never won a championship, yet he had one of the finest records a man could boast of. Had Leach invested his money properly he would now be able to write a check in six figures. He invested most of his ring fortune in real estate and in the panic of a few years ago Leach lost all he possessed. To replenish that fortune, Cross recently tried to come back in the ring, but found that age could not triumph over youth and decided to lay aside the gloves forever.

His record was a clean one and Leach can look back upon his ring career with the satisfaction that he always gave his best and never was accused of throwing or faking a fight.

May Leach Cross, the dentist, satisfy his patients the same as he did his many ring followers for many years.

Boxing Gains More Recognition

By AL. CARSON

PROGRESS towards a national controlling body of boxing is reaching the point far beyond expectation. Within the past month, four new boxing boards have been appointed in various parts of the country, in addition to the appointment of a boxing commission in Quebec and Montreal. Boxing is making such rapid strides that states in this country which prior to this year frowned upon the sport are putting the ring game under proper state or municipal supervision.

It is worthy of note that in every instance where a new board was appointed, the first vote officially taken by the members was on a resolution announcing that the board would work in harmony with all states where boxing is legalized, and cooperate to the extent of recognizing suspensions passed upon boxers in any of those states.

Boxing at present is under the control of twenty-three state commissions and about a dozen municipalities and it is for the best interests of the sport that all these boards work in harmony under a national agreement such as in vogue in baseball.

The formation of the National Boxing Alliance in New York City, with such men as Billy Gibson, Senator Walker, Father of the New York State Boxing Bill, and a horde of other well known sportsmen behind it, is the first step in the protection of the game on a national basis. But the managers, most of whom are members of the National Alliance, must remember that the betterment of the game depends as much or more so upon them than upon the boxer who furnishes the entertainment. They must come into court with clean hands. They must remember that the public pays the freight, hence is entitled to full protection.

Too many disputes have arisen within the past month in clubs throughout the East regarding the merits of the entertainment furnished and in several cases the money due the contestants was withheld and boxers suspended. In each case, the suspension was automatically passed upon favorably by all commissions in states where boxing is legalized.

Thus the fight fans were protected from further abuse by the boxers in question. But how about the guilty managers? The rules of suspensions should work both ways and it is for this reason, the protection of fight fans, fight promoters, boxers and managers, that the National Alliance has been formed. The organization will develop, under proper management, into the greatest body in the world.

Benny Leonard Holds Record for Knockouts

Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champion, whose record as a heavy hitter and sleep-producing doctor is well known in pugilistic circles, has landed the haymaker so often that fight fans in all sections of the country invariably declare that Benny "held up" his opponent for some future bout, when Benny fails to put his man away.

Although there seems no justification for such comment, the fact remains that Benny himself is responsible for the mischievous talk because of the frequency with which he has knocked out rivals since entering the professional ranks. Leonard has fought more bouts and scored more dreamland punches than any lightweight champion in ring history. The record of the lightweight champions follows:

	K.O.	Won	No. Dec.	Draw	Lost	K.O. By	Total
Benny Leonard.....	72	5	140	0	0	2	219
Freddy Welsh.....	32	40	99	6	1	1	179
Willie Ritchie.....	6	41	20	3	5	1	76
Ad Wolgast.....	36	25	47	12	8	2	128
Battling Nelson.....	37	24	37	17	13	2	130
Joe Gans.....	55	56	17	10	3	4	145
Kid Lavigne.....	5	12	7	10	2	2	38
Frank Erne.....	7	12	0	12	3	3	37

Every champion since Erne's day has tasted the ignominy of a knockout.

Weight Lifting as an Aid in Training

By ARTHUR LESLIE

Amateur World's Champion Weight Lifter

A POPULAR idea is that heavy weights should be avoided by fighters in training for boxing bouts. Nearly everyone will repeat glibly, parrot-fashion, that the use of heavy weights makes a man muscle-bound and slow. Asked if they know this to be a fact from personal observation, boxers are forced to admit their positive statements are only hearsay.

As readers of THE RING are interested in facts—more than theories—perhaps the surprising news that several of the fastest leather pushers, both professional and amateur, are beginning to lift weights as a strength building exercise; that is, using heavy dumbells, in training, will come as a shock to the talent.

Not so many years ago doctors used to bleed a man for nearly all ills. Now it is known that blood letting only weakens a patient and has no curative value. But while it was in vogue the man who suggested another course of treatment would have been pilloried as a heretic.

To substantiate the belief that big and powerful muscles help a boxer, the writer may be pardoned if he points to his own case. At the age of 50 he holds the world's amateur championship at weight lifting. Many amateur boxers train at the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York City, and the majority will testify that, with the exception of four men, none possesses more speed in shadow boxing than the writer.

There is no doubt that a boxer, to be a champion, must possess speed, strength and stamina. The first and last without the strength will lead nowhere. Weight lifting is a wonderful builder of strength. Alone, as an exercise, is will not benefit a boxer, for it will never produce cleverness. But practiced with rope jumping, shadow boxing, running and bag punching, it will put a boxer into the championship or near championship division.

There has been some talk about weight lifting making a boxer muscle bound, but experience proves this assertion to be a fallacy. Progressive weight lifting gives strength to the muscles and causes a gradual development which prevents the muscles from becoming bound.

As an example of the benfits derived from this form of exercise we might place the names of Jimmy Murphy and Martin Smith before the readers of THE RING. One is a New York lightweight top-notcher, the other the New York State lightweight champion. Weight lifting has made them what they are in the amateur world today—two of the finest specimens of boxers in the A. A. U. Each possesses skill, stamina and strength, and each, if asked how he gained or developed the last named, will reply: "Weight lifting training."

Boxers of the Emerald Diamond

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

MANY professional ball players have been quite handy with their fists. Most of the major league athletes are close followers of the boxing game, just as many pugilists are great fans of America's leading outdoor recreation. Just as Jack Dempsey is never happier than when he is playing first base on a scrub team, so many heroes of the emerald diamond can find much enjoyment and relaxation at the boxing bouts.

There are quite a few ball players who might have made a success of the boxing game had they embarked on the sea of pugilism instead of professional baseball. A lot of persons believe that Frank Chance, former Cub and Yankee leader, might have been developed into a champion. "Kid" Gleason, one of baseball's hardest hitting warriors, unquestionably could have scored many knockouts in the ring; Norman Elberfeld, known as "The Tobasco Kid," probably could have caused quite a little uneasiness in the welterweight division, while we would back Ed. Barrow, the husky business manager of the New York Yankees, against many of the white hopes of today.

In a former era, baseball had many famous rough and tumble fighters, men of great strength, some of whom looked for fights and others who met trouble half way. Gleason never looked for any trouble, but he never refused to meet it. He used to have a saloon in Camden, N. J., and at times it was necessary to clean it out. The bigger they were the farther the Kid would knock them. In his former days, Gleason was as hard as iron and a human dynamo when he got started. While he was captain of the Phillies, about fifteen years ago, he "socked" a fresh youngster in the clubhouse and knocked him about twenty feet.

In his early days, Mike Donlin was a dangerous rough and tumble fighter, and in later years after Mike reformed he remained a skillful boxer. But it has been many years since Michael went out searching for combats. Sam Mertes and Joe McGinnity, both men of tremendous strength, were other bad men to get into an encounter with John McGraw's early New York champions.

Now the rough and tumble baseball fighter no longer exists; he has yielded to a more progressive age just as the old roughneck type of boxing champion has gradually been eliminated. One never hears of a Dempsey, Leonard or Britton leaving samples of their punches under the eyes of customers who may be shopping at the same café.

There still are clubhouse fights in baseball, but they are rare to what they used to be. Very often it was necessary for the kid coming up to fight his way to recognition in baseball just as in boxing. Ty Cobb actually sought this method of letting the Detroit Tigers know that he was a member of the team. In Cobb's early days in Detroit, he used to have a fight a minute, and very often the decision went against Tyrus. But it never discouraged him.

However, the most skillful boxers in baseball often were the men who were the most decorous on the diamond. No player in baseball ever was more handy with his fists than Al Bridwell, Giant shortstop of twelve years ago and one of the most popular players that ever wore a Giant uniform. Al boxed professionally while he was a minor league ball player, but gave it up after graduating to the majors.

Eddie Holly, former shortstop of the Cardinals and the Toronto Club, and now a scout for the Red Sox, also earned his winter keep by boxing. Holly is a cousin of Jack Root, a top-notcher of the fistic world more than a decade ago.

The Cubs had a young pugilistic pitcher named Schneider some half a dozen years back, who must not be confused with Pete Schneider, the former Red right-hander. Schneider was a Brooklyn pugilist, who may be recalled as Jack Reynolds, who once gave Frank Moran a good battle.

Leo Houck, the Lancaster, Pa., boxer, is a minor league pitcher of fair ability, while the Athletics had a young Texan pitcher namer Henry Tate some years ago, who also doubled as a boxer. This, of course, is a different Tate from "Bill" Tate, the negro boxer, who was Dempsey's sparring partner.

We already have mentioned Frank Chance's prowess in the ring. Chance once boxed a twenty round exhibition bout with Joe Choynski, the Chicago heavyweight, at a private gymnasium, and gave a mighty good account of himself.

One of the players handiest with his fists now in baseball is "Greasy" Neale, the Cincinnati outfielder, who also distinguished himself last fall as coach of the great Washington and Jefferson football team. Neale is an all-round athlete, and reports say the former West Virginia halfback never has lost an argument in the big leagues, that is when fists were the modes of expression.

George Moriarty, umpire and song writer and once third baseman of the Yanks, is another man in baseball with whom it is not advisable to get too personal. When "Morey" invites a player behind the club house, he had better know something about boxing or be prepared to take a sound thrashing.

Once when Babe Ruth was a holdout, his press agent of that time tried to frighten Harry Frazee, who then had Ruth on the Red Sox, with reports that the "Babe" would go into the pugilistic world and try to fight Willard, who then was the champion. Ruth has tremendous strength in his back and shoulders, but no one knows how good a fighter he is. Other players rather side-step arguments with the big Babe, though Ruth and Cobb almost went to the mat once last summer.

Our space is too limited to mention all of the baseballers who were especially skillful with their fists. Among those we neglected to discourse upon was the late Cy Seymour, as dangerous a clubhouse opponent as any player ever tackled. "Sherry" Magee also could knock 'em silly.

George Stallings, owner of the Rochester team and former manager of the Braves and Yanks, is a bad man when aroused, and unusually powerful. Paul Sentelle, the new National League umpire, has a reputation for being clever with his fists. He twice battled with John McGraw of the Giants, who, too, has quite a fistic record.

"Cy" Rigler and Bill Evans are other umpires who know how to protect themselves. Joe Cantillion was another fighting umpire, while the late Tim Hurst, baseball umpire and boxing referee, never refused an invitation for a settlement behind the clubhouse and extended many in his own behalf.

The "Sling Shot"—Latest Sleep-Producing Wallop

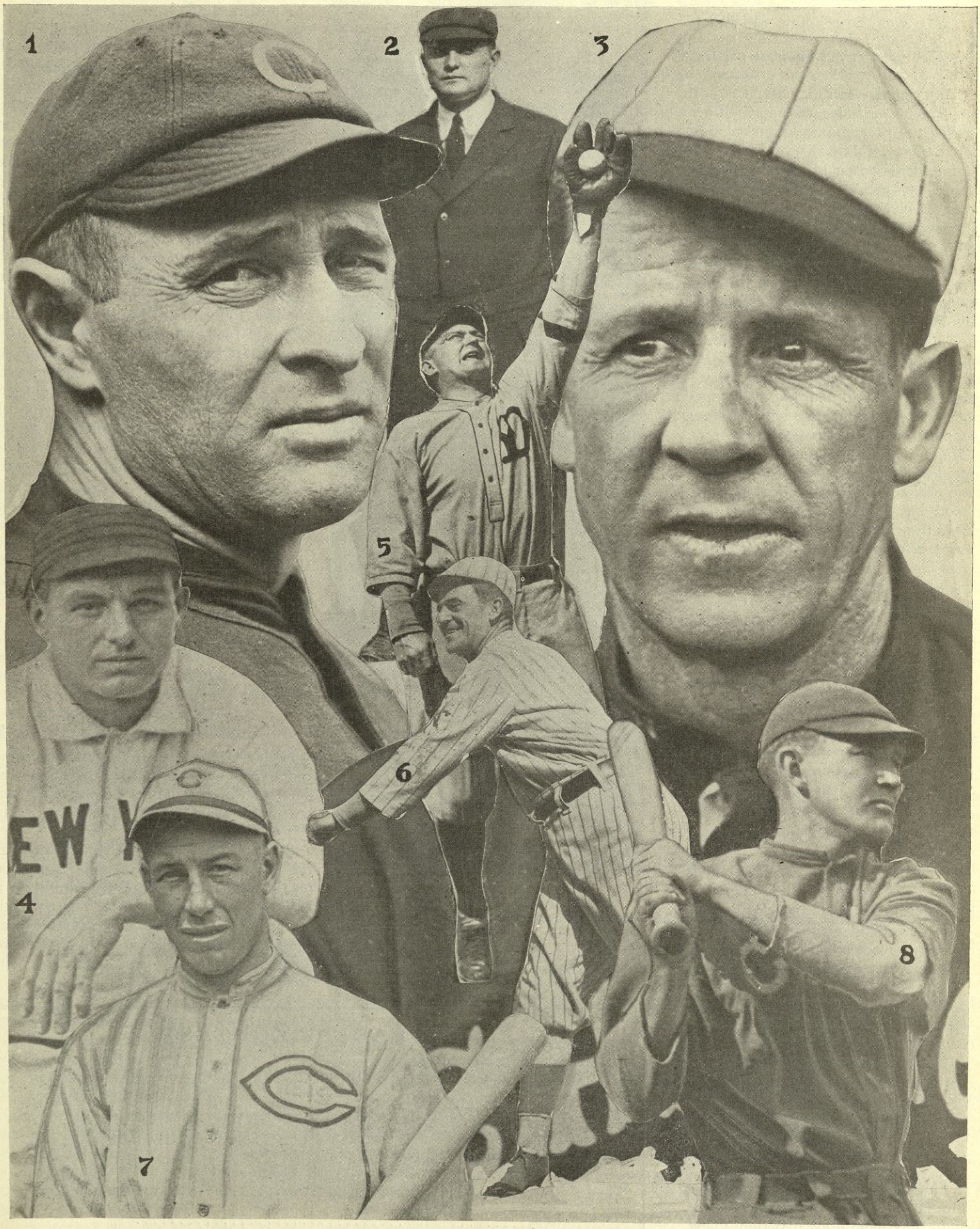
(*Continued from page* 5)

Gans, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Stanley Ketchell and many other great fighters never gained any great fame through any pet punch.

So if Pepper Martin never climbs any higher up the ladder than the rung he now is perched on, he at least will join the list of ring celebrities who packed a punch that made the ring fans talk about him.

And young Pepper Martin and his "Sling Shot" may yet make a bit of ring history at that. They are both young and ambitious.

AS HANDY WITH THEIR FISTS AS WITH THE BAT OR INDICATOR



1—*Frank Chance*
2—*Umpire Billy Evans*
3—*Kid Gleason*
4—*Joe McGinnity*
5—*Ty Cobb*
6—*Mike Donlin*
7—*Greasy Neale*
8—*Al Bridwell*

"Boom Beckett for Fight With Dempsey"

THIS was the headline which a few days ago decorated the sporting page of many American papers as a result of a dispatch sent broadcast by the Associated Press. Much to the astonishment of those who have the interest of the great boxing game at heart, many experts, following receipt of this message, commented favorably on a battle between Jack the Giant Killer and England's champion.

And why? Simply because Dempsey has no opponents in this country worthy of a battle except Harry Wills, the great negro heavyweight. For the benefit of the American public which demands a Wills-Dempsey fight and will not stand for a Beckett-Dempsey substitute, we quote the following from *Boxing,* England's ring magazine, an authority of things pugilistic in Europe. The paragraphs are part of a story which followed the Cook-Beckett fiasco recently:

"Neither Beckett nor Cook can be painted as fistic novices devoid of any or every notion of the method of delivering or dodging punches. They have both been in the ring before, though, of course, it must be confessed that their claim to be considered fistic champions and the admission that they do actually hold that pre-eminence in their respective countries, are very nearly the two most ghastly tragedies the world has to support at the present time.

"Neither can really put in a substantial excuse for being regarded as a boxer at all. We have been very nearly bored to death by them.

Beckett, it is said, will come here in the Fall. Enough said! The American public will not be fooled into paying good money to see the "pride" of the English bury his head into the canvas.

The Saps

The old-time champs, a pack of tramps,
They never did a thing but fight.
They never were male movie vamps;
They never trod the boards each night.

They knew no juicy circus jobs,
No syndicated dope from them
Was issued to the press in gobs,
At so much for each gob—ahem!

Each fought—the poor, deluded fool—
For little but the fame he won;
None ever asked a million, cool,
For socking someone on the run.

The old-time champs, they bet a few
On their own chances of success.
Would they have done it if they knew
What others do? Oh, yes! OH, yes!

JAMES K. MCGUINESS.

YOSSEL PERLSTEIN

The Palestine Jew. He is a heavyweight. He is shown above in his fighting togs and native costume. Yossel made good in his Garden debut

Barring of Rabbit Punch in Jersey a Wise Act

Another state, New Jersey, has barred the famous rabbit punch. It is a good thing. The rabbit punch can well be left out of the repertoire of any boxer these modern days. It has passed in most places along with the kidney punch. Neither blow had the essential elements of sportsmanship. Both were dangerous. In these days when the theory is to build up boxing in public estimation it is wise to place restrictions against blows that are likely to cause fatalities and thus react against the boxing game.

Clever fighters, we know, avoid these blows—or do on most occasions. The scientific boxer glides in and out, guarding his stomach and head and delivering blows to face and stomach. They do not have to resort to these illegal punches. Some boxers, however, who really know little of boxing, but are of the slugger school, insist upon using the kidney punch and the rabbit punch whenever opportunity offers and are not averse to hitting with the wrist or in any other way practicable at the moment.

These ringmen, however, we have noticed, are not over successful in the use of their hands in the generally accepted ring style. Probably they need this added advantage, but if they do their days in boxing should—and apparently will—be curtailed, not to say numbered.

Hail to New Jersey and all other states and communities here and abroad that bar the rabbit punch, the kidney punch and their ilk!

Greb Takes Issue With Norfolk

Harry Greb, Pittsburgh Bearcat, takes issue with Kid Norfolk in the statement of the latter that he beat Harry in Pittsburgh. Says Greb in a letter to THE RING:

"I think the full-page advertisement of the Leo Flynn stable in your last issue one of the finest cuts ever printed in a boxing magazine, but I take issue with Flynn in declaring his man Norfolk beat me. I hit Norfolk so hard when we fought that the Kid was unable to fight for three weeks."

POPULARITY CONTEST

VOTING COUPON—JUNE ISSUE

EDITOR, THE RING:—Please credit.....
(*name of boxer here*)
with one vote in your popularity contest.

Signed.....

Address.....

State.....

John L.'s Knockout Punch

By LAWRENCE PERRY

JOHN L. SULLIVAN came to New York and opened a saloon on 42nd street in the early 1900's. Those were the days when the good wife who was to pilot him in his declining years through a boozeless Elysium had not appeared on his horizon and the cup that cheers and also inebriates never got by the former champion when he happened to have one hand or the other—or both—free.

The big fellow's advent to the metropolis was regarded by at least one New York city editor as an incident whose various picturesque qualities were of a nature to warrant consideration outside the sporting page. To be specific, it was the night city editor of the old New York *Sun*.

"Son," said he to the writer, who was pretty much of a cub at the time, "run up to John L. Sullivan's new saloon, get hold of him and get him to tell you how he invented the knockout punch."

That seemed easy and the assignment was by no means uninteresting to a young man whose earliest childhood memory was a heated argument between his father and his uncle over the relative merits of John L. and Paddy Ryan.

Sullivan's saloon was enough like every saloon west of Third avenue to require no description—although as the Volsteadian years roll along there will probably be a certain archaeological interest in scenic details of those dimly remembered parlors of convivial felicity.

Anyway it was just an ordinary saloon of the period and John L. was found seated in a big chair in a back room. He was seated because it would have been difficult, not to say, hazardous, for him to have attempted to stand up. He was stewing about some international diplomatic difficulty at the time—John L. was always an American first, last and middlewise and was a shark on our national history.

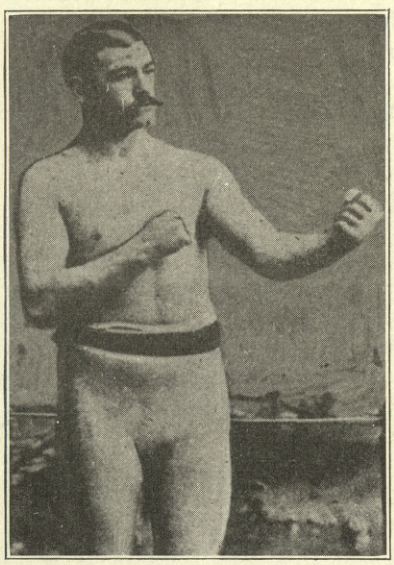
But at length his thoughts were turned to his pugilistic career, notably his invention of the knockout wallop.

"You see"—he spoke with a husky growl—"in my days most fighters held their mouths open while fighting. I learned that a rap on the jaw when the teeth were not set made a man as dizzy as though a scuttle of coal had fallen on his head. Well, I worked along from that and found that a good wallop to the point of the jaw would send a man to sleep whether he had his mouth shut or not—but quicker when his mouth was open."

For a minute John L. blinked thoughtfully at the writer. Then after considerable difficulty he raised himself to his feet, holding to the arm of the chair with his left hand.

"Stand up," he said to the writer.

"Why?" The writer was getting just a bit worried.



John L. Sullivan

"'Cause I'm going to show you just how the blow works."

"But look here Mr. Sullivan, I don't want to be knocked out."

"You ain't going to be. I won't make it very hard. Keep your jaws clinched."

Well, John L. was between the victim and the door. It was a movie situation and not a comic one at that. In desperation the reporter sought to devise some means of escape and then just as Sullivan was drawing back his arm an expedient occurred.

"Mr. Sullivan," said he—remembering that a little bow-legged waiter had just been in to take an order for drinks and would return directly—"Mr. Sullivan, you see I'm here to write about this blow and in order to do it intelligently it seems as though I ought to be in a position to see it from every angle. Why not try it on the waiter when he comes."

"Eh!" John L. glared. Then to the reporter's relief, he nodded. "A'right," he said, steadying himself.

The waiter, a little German, returned after what seemed a year with a bottle and two glasses on his tray.

'Hey you, Heinie," roared Sullivan. "Stick out your jaw." So saying he winked at the writer.

Heinie caught the wink. Also he caught the situation. He took one look at the big fellow, dropped his tray and made for the window. Sullivan made after him like a freight car on the three wheels and walloped him as he went through the aperture on a spot which might be described in a general way as both below and behind the belt.

The reporter left by the door quickly, and reported that conditions over which Mr. Sullivan had no control, had prevented his giving at that time a satisfactory interview.

Why Boxing is a Lost Art

(*Continued from page* 4)

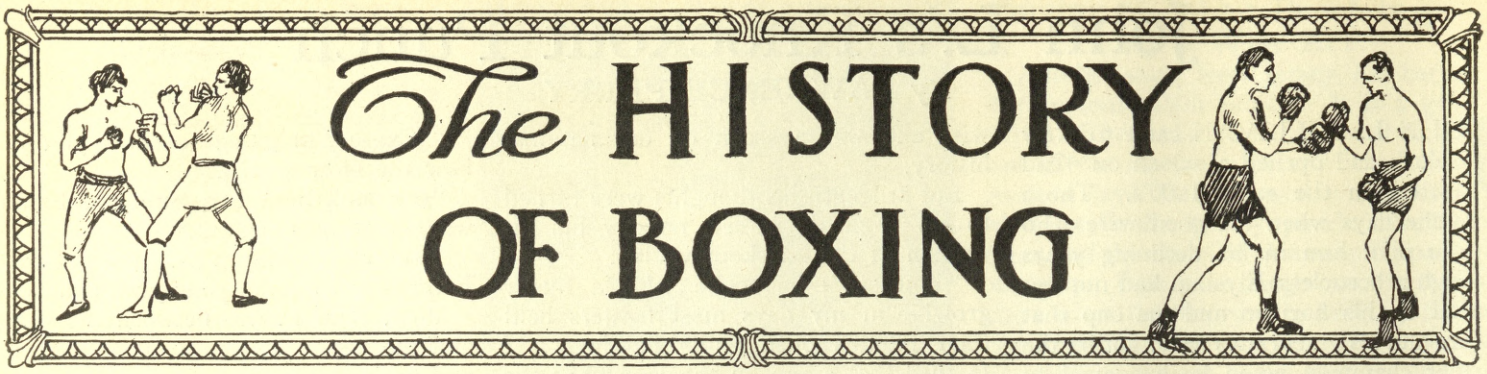
instructors. Wherever in past years such instructors taught, the style these instructors adopted was the one followed by the students. Take the case of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. He taught boxing in California, and boxers to this day who hail from the Coast exhibit the style of which the original Jack was master.

In Chicago the great Harry Gilmore, who fought with me a seventy-six-round draw in Boston years ago, has a gymnasium. Harry was a master at hitting and countering, and in his school he always compels his pupils to learn this method of boxing. As a result the majority of Middle Western boxers are experts in the hit and counter.

Almost half a century has elapsed since New York and its immediate vicinity had a real boxing school with real masters at the head. That accounts for the West producing the boxing artists—Packey McFarland and Mike Gibbons, for example. In the East, as a rule, we find science thrown to the wind and mere strength or brute force predominating.

In our midst in New York City we have the greatest modern exponent of the Jem Mace school of boxers in Young Griffo. What a benefit it would be to the ring game if he were the owner of a school where he could impart his knowledge to others. Few boxers excelled Griffo in the hit-and-get-away style, yet this man is permitted to remain idle while men ignorant of the first essentials of boxing are the instructors at some of our leading gymnasiums.

Boxing as it now is exhibited both here and abroad is a lost art and will continue to be until the time arrives when the owners of training quarters for boxers see to it that ring masters like Griffo are given a chance to teach the youths of today the proper method of self-defence.



Modern Pugilists Divided Into Three Types

Light Hitters Who Possess Considerable Cleverness, Knockout Hitters and the Mere Bruisers and Sluggers

This Is the Fourth of a Series of Articles on the History of Boxing

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By NAT FLEISCHER

THE development of the various schools of boxing thoroughly discussed in the previous article led to the development of three distinct types of boxers, each dependent upon one particular line of attack or defense which made him supreme in his specialty.

First—We have the fighter who excels in defensive skill, who depends upon quickness of eye, foot, head and hands to prevent an opponent from inflicting damage and at the same time is capable of inflicting sufficient punishment to enable him to win the contest.

Second—The fighter possesing enough boxing ability to successfully avoid attack, and with sufficiently powerful hitting ability to enable him to bring an adversary to the canvas in a disabled condition.

Third—The fighter who absolutely lacks science, makes no pretense at skillful boxing, but who depends wholly upon his terrific punching powers to bring an opponent into submission.

The above three divisions may be classified as:

1. Light hitters, but clever boxers.
2. Fairly good boxers, but knockout hitters.
3. Sluggers without boxing skill—the equivalent of the bruiser type of fighter.

As was pointed out in the previous article, the ring generalship of the majority of the modern boxers has been reached through a distinct process of evolution. The first champions and near-champions were men who entered the ring entirely devoid of science. Men like Figg, Broughton, Slack and others of their period depended entirely upon strength, endurance and heavy hitting. As in the early days of the sport they fought with bare knuckles, the contests were full of brutality and fully deserved to attract the attention of the police authorities.

When boxing skill entered into ring battles and the padded glove took the place of the bare knuckles a good portion of the brutality of old days was eliminated. Still later, when ring science of the type introduced by such men as James J. Corbett, Young Griffo and others of that school became a part of professional boxing, the objectionable features that marred the sport in the days of the London rules were entirely removed, with the result that boxing now enjoys the respect of all fair and open-minded lovers of clean, wholesome athletics.

However, despite the growth of the scientific skill, the modern patron of boxing still has his likes and dislikes, with the result that the dispute as to which is the better style of milling continues to wage as hotly today as in the days of the ancient gladiators. The majority of ring patrons seem to show a decided preference for the heavy hitter, the man who can bring a contest to a spectacular close with a terrific wallop delivered in the early rounds of a bout.

It is recollection of feats of this kind by such renowned battlers as John L. Sullivan, John C. Heenan, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, Terry McGovern and others of that type that keep green the memory of these wonders of the ring.

Then, again, there are those among the devotees of boxing who strongly object to the unscientific mauler and find interest only in the clean, scientific boxer. But of all the talent, the boxers with the greatest following are those who possess not only ring generalship but in addition a punch with stunning power. Among the great exponents of this type of boxer are Benny Leonard, Joe Gans and Peter Jackson.

A close study of the ring indicates that eventually this last named type will predominate, as the man who possesses only skill, the purely defensive boxer, becomes tiresome in his caution if opposed by a dangerous hitter, while on the other hand, the boxer whose only asset is hitting ability often becomes extremely baffled through the cleverness of a purely defensive opponent. Hence the fighters who can both box and hit appear to furnish the most satisfactory exhibitions from a spectator's point of view.

In order to illustrate the points the following list of boxers who have appeared before the public is given, the men divided into three classes above-named:

Clever Boxers	
*Jim Mace	*Johnny Dundee
*Jim Corbett	Young Ertle
*Fred Welsh	*Frank Erne
*Jim Driscoll	Jim Duffy
*Abe Attell	Mike Glover
Battling Levinsky	Jeff Smith
Young Griffo	Matty Matthews
Packey McFarland	Phila. Jack O'Brien
*Kid Lewis	*Johnny Kilbane

Boxers and Hitters	
*Peter Jackson	Mike Gibbons
*Jack McAuliffe	*George Dixon
*Tommy Ryan	*Willie Ritchie
*Joe Walcott	*Dixie Kid
*Sam Langford	*Jim Jeffries
*Jack Johnson	*Kid Williams
*Georges Carp'tier	*Jimmy Barry
*Jack Dempsey	*Jess Willard
*Benny Leonard	*Jack Britton
*Joe Gans	*Johnny Buff
*Jack Dillon	

Heavy Hitters	
John C. Heenan	*Kid Lavigne
*John L. Sullivan	*Battling Nelson
*Bob Fitzsimmons	*Ad Wolgast
*Terry McGovern	*My'us Billy Smith
*Stanley Ketchel	*Frankie Neil
*Billy Papke	Peter Maher
Frank Slavin	Joe Goddard
*Frank Klaus	

*Champions.

(*Continued on page* 21)

THEY STOOD SUPREME IN THE TYPE OF BOXING THEY REPRESENTED

1. *James J. Corbett*
2. *Stanley Ketchell*
3. *Terry McGovern*
4. *Benny Leonard*
5. *Joe Choynski*
6. *John Heenan*
7. *John L. Sullivan*
8. *Abe Attell*
9. *Peter Jackson*
10. *James J. Jeffrics*
11. *Young Griffo*
12. *Joe Gans*
13. *Kid McCoy*
14. *Tom Sharkey*

Brain vs. Brawn In Boxing

By IKE DORGAN

STUDENTS of boxing have evolved the saying, "A good big man will always whip a good little man," and cite the exceptions to prove the rule. But the psychologists, the fellows who study the causes which move men to action and the connections between nerve forces and brain action, have discovered that the will to win and the mental edge are of greater importance than physical attributes.

When the Venetian Gondolier, weighing 300 pounds and built like a huge oak, the pet of London society, met tiny Bob Whittaker, a cockney boy, in 1733, before the Fancy outside Figg's Slaughter House, a popular coffee tavern, the Gondolier was knocked kicking. It wasn't because Bob was the stronger man, the students say, but because he, having the bulldog heritage of the English, had the will to win and the mental edge in that he believed he was invincible. The Gondolier came to London from Venetia heralded a wonder, but found his master in a pigmy.

On the other hand, when, in 1795, little Daniel Mendoza, the wonderful Jew, met the gigantic Jack Jackson, the greatest British fighter of the eighteenth century, he was defeated because, as he explained, Jackson's hair-pulling ability proved superior to Mendoza's science.

By pulling Mendoza's curls Jackson so distracted the Jew's attention that Mendoza lost confidence and with it the mental edge he had on the giant.

Before jumping into the famous battles of history, in which the little men beat the big fellows, or vice versa, let us for a minute consider the theory of psychology as applied to the boxing game.

Scientists declare that man receives impressions and energy every second of his life. The twenty-six elements required by the body are supplied by food and converted into energy. The eye transmits light; the ear, sound; the skin, heat. Barometric pressure, the weight of the air, constantly affects everyone. Gravitation, the pull of the earth on the body, is always present.

Evolutionists say an unborn baby passes through the development of hundreds of thousands of years, from the lowest of known life to the highest—civilized man. The baby's first act is to cry. By crying he learns to breathe. He learns to swallow and in so doing learns that he cannot swallow and breathe at the same time. He discovers that pain is unpleasant.

The boy of seven is a savage in mental development. He loves to dress up, to pretend he is some one else and to fight. Youth is the age of bragging, when each one regards the world as an oyster ready to be swallowed. But in this age man learns that life is a conflict between himself and the other fellow. He develops the will to live.

All men have trends or instincts. The leading ones are self-preservation and race propagation. The latter may be unconscious, but is, nevertheless, a basic need.

Heredity gives man his fighting heart. Somewhere his ancestors, in the cold Norselands, in Celtic Ireland, in persecuted Russia, learned to face the world unafraid. Men today are the survival of the fittest of the past.

Environment, the place a man lives, enters into the formation of his personality.

Combinations in inherited tendencies, differences in environment, occupations forcing the development of particular sets of muscles, which in turn force a particular style in fighting, help to make the boxing champion.

In the light of the foregoing theories let us take up the world's great pugilistic struggles.

When the Venetian Gondolier came to London in the suite of a British nobleman in 1732 his strength and bulk amazed the English. His feats of strength were prodigious and the jawbreaking power of his fist was heralded all over Europe.

He issued a challenge to the world and James Figg, father of British boxing, replying to the taunts of the Venetian's noble followers, said:—

"I don't know, Masters, but he may break one of his countrymen's jawbone with his fist, but I will bring a man that he shall not be able to break his jawbone with a sledge."

In saying that the Gondolier could "break the jaw of all of his own countrymen" Figg hit the nail on the head. The Venetians did not practice boxing. Their sports and their sport heritage was of a different kind. The methods of obtaining athletic development were far different from that of the British, an athletic race.

The battle was fought in Figg's amphitheatre. When the Venetian stripped the crowd felt sorry for Figg's selection, slender Bob Whittaker. The Gondolier stood with his right leg and arm advanced and when Whittaker approached the Venetian hit him on the side of the head, knocking him off the stage.

There was a great huzzah from the followers of the Venetian. But Whittaker climbed back and, crouching, leaped under the extended arm, smashed the Venetian on the chin and knocked him flat on his back.

This was too much—it humiliated the Gondolier and the giant quit. Soon after he returned to Venice, never again to return to England.

Whittaker was of pure Saxon blood. His forefathers fought the barbarians of the northern mountains, the Roman invaders and the French. Individual combat was a form of sport from the days of King Arthur. The Venetian came from a line of ancestors whose sport was to row in the canals. Their differences were settled with the knife rather than the fist. Hence blood told

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in the battle between the Gondolier and Whittaker. Brain triumphed over brawn for the first time in the history of pugilism.

The second great fight between a good little man and a giant was between Tom Johnson, the British champion, weighing about 200, and Isaac Perrine the pride of Birmingham, who tipped nearer 300. This contest, fought at Banbury, Oxfordshire, November 22, 1789, lasted sixty-two rounds and ended in a knockout for Johnson. Perrine had a heritage of gameness and stood up well, but as the fight progressed Perrine grew weaker. The giant had less of that inexplicable vital spark of life and dropped away.

Again a good little man whipped a good big man.

Mendoza, for ten years champion of England, was regarded as the most skilful boxer in history. He was the father of scientific boxing. When he was matched with Gentleman John Jackson, most honored boxer in the history of British pugilism, Mendoza thought the match such a joke that he refused to get a haircut, as was customary prior to an important battle. He insisted on wearing it long, as was fashionable in those days.

The fight was even for a few rounds. When Jackson found Mendoza couldn't hit hard enough to hurt he boldly dashed in and grabbed Mendoza by his flowing locks, spun him round and round, hitting him all the time with his free hand. Mendoza became so angry that he threw science to the winds and was knocked out.

Jackson gained a mental edge and retired as champion. In this case we find a good big man beating a good little man, with brain playing an important part in the victory.

Gasman Hickman, another old-time British champion, was regarded as unbeatable. He was a brainy battler and a good little man. But he overstepped when he rushed pell mell into Joe Neat, who hit him on the forehead so hard that it was thought his skull was fractured. Here brawn triumphed over brain.

Then we come to the case of William Thompson, better known in ring history as Bendigo. Bendigo, the little man, held Caunt, a youngster of herculean proportions and giant strength, equal three times, because Bendigo had an opportunity in his younger days to develop greater skill under mental capacity to absorb his learning. Caunt had no science at all, but possessed tremendous power. Here brain conquered brawn; otherwise, according to all statistics, Bendigo should have been knocked out.

Bendigo showed his mental trend when he retired from the ring soon after and became a revivalist, with more or less success. At times he fell from grace and yielded to the temptation of good old Nottingham ale, but he always repented in sackcloth and ashes and was received back into the bosom of the church.

Tom Sayers' two great fights for the championship both were against big men. When he fought the "Tipton Slasher" in 1857 Sayers had the mental edge. It was a question then whether a man 5 feet 8½ inches could beat a man 6 feet ½ inch and weighing fifty pounds heavier. The Slasher himself laughed at the idea of defeat, and Sayers, like his opponent, also scorned the idea of a setback.

Sayers was so confident of his ability he bet all he possessed on his chances, and then, using his brains to good advantage, he forced the Slasher to follow Sayers' leads, and as a result brain power won. The great Slasher looked like a novice against Sayers, and Tom won the fight.

Tom Hyer, the first American champion, had height, reach and weight when he fought Yankee Sullivan near Baltimore. Both were equal in skill and in gameness, but Hyer's superior reach and height gave him the advantage, and he won.

John L. Sullivan had a fighting heart and a heritage of courage, but his environment and the methods of slugging London prize ring days robbed him of speed. Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett proved that.

The fight between Jeffries and Johnson brought together two big, strong men. Jeffries showed the mental strain days before the fight and, in addition to the lack of the vital spark, he was under a mental strain that added considerably to his downfall.

Thus we can cite case after case of champions and near champions to prove the point that, all other things being equal, brain power will triumph over brawn, and the man possessing a combination of both, regardless of size, will invariably prove himself the superior. Brains play a most important part in the progress of all mankind, but in boxing they measure nine-tenths of the success of a pugilist. Brains first, then brawn, and a combination of both makes for pugilism's greatest battlers.

The Veteran

The "Old Days" Always Seem the Best

"Thunderbolt Reilly," of St. Louis, Mo.,
Now but a has been, but once the whole show,
Sighed for the days when he climbed through the ropes
Sending to dreamland so many white hopes.
"Them were the times," he said, "when we had fighters,
Not a collection of dudes and one nighters,
Then there were none except men in the running,
We'd been ashamed for the 'marks' to go gunning.

Knocks didn't matter,
We loved to batter,

Thick in the battle and crying for more.

Giving and taking,
Side stepping, breaking,

Liking our medicine, game to the core."
"Purses were small, but great was the glory,
Scrapping today is a different story;
Honest, the fight game, now makes me dizzy,
One bout a year—them guys think they're busy.
Soft shirts and silk socks, pajamas and perfume,
Sure 'tis good for a laugh, the airs they assume;
Press agents, valets, managers, motor cars,
'Twas after my time that they let down the bars.

Pamper and pet 'em,
But do not fret 'em.

Star 'em in movies and kid 'em along.

Money? You said it,
So give 'em credit,

But—for the old boys, a toast and a song."

EDWIN A. GOEWEY.

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A STABLE OF BOXERS THAT STANDS HIGH IN THE FIELD OF PUGILISM

1. JIMMY KELLEY, associated with Johnny Keyes in the management of one of the best stable of boxers in the world, was a fighter himself some years back. He fought some of the best light weights and held Jimmy Gardner to a draw over the 20 ruonds route. Before the Walker Law he piloted Bert Keyes, Joe Bedell and Young O'Leary among others and seconded the late Stanley Ketchel in almost all of the man killer's battles. In addition to assisting Keyes, Jimmy runs a great spaghetti restaurant at 181 Sullivan Street, New York, where the sporting elite gathers.

* * *

2. JOHNNY KEYES was a boxer in the bantamweight ranks during the Frawley Law days in New York. He fought several good bouts but business matters called a halt to his fighting. Two years ago he branched out as a manager and signed to handle Willie Spencer. He did wonders with him. Keyes was standing in the lobby of the Broadway Sporting Club, Brooklyn, one night when who should ask him to become his manager but the sensational Pepper Martin. Keyes got on the job and waged a relentless publicity campaign and through his untiring efforts (aided and abetted by his partner Kelley) Keyes has brought Martin to the front ranks of the featherweight division.

* * *

3. VINCENT (PEPPER) MARTIN, featherweight, is acknowledged to be a second Terry McGovern. He makes 126 pounds at 2 o'clock and can make the same poundage at the ringside. Since the start of the 1922 season, Martin has been the reigning sensation in the featherweight division, a class which threatened to go by the boards because of Johnny Kilbane's refusal to defend his laurels. In the 20 odd scraps Pepper has had to date under the management of Keyes and Kelley, it is a matter of record that he scored knockdowns in every one of them. His greatest achievement was the one-round knockout over Babe Herman in the Madison Square Garden ring recently. Pepper made a big name for himself previous to the Herman bout when he outpointed Tommy Noble, after which he lost on a questionable foul to Sammy Sieger.

* * *

4. WILLIE SPENCER, a product of the lower east side of New York, is one of the best bantams in the business. He has fought them all, but his one ambition is to get another smash at Champion Johnny Buff, whom he trounced before the Skeeter dethroned Pete Herman. Spencer was an altar boy in the Church of Transfiguration in Gotham's Chinatown before he took up boxing. He is aggressive, can hit with either hand and is a pleasing box office attraction. He has a wonderful following and they go everywhere to see him perform. A challenge is herewith tossed to Buff, Lynch, Herman, Danny Lee and Joe Burman.

Brooklyn's Latest Boxing Sensation

Managers Jimmy Kelley and Johnny Keyes have posted a certified check of $10,000 with Frank Flournoy, matchmaker of the Madison Square Garden Sporting Club, to bind a match for Pepper Martin with Johnny Kilbane, for the world's featherweight championship, to be staged over the 15 round trail to a decision. Flournoy is eager to stage this important encounter either in the amphitheatre or the big stadium controlled by the New York Velodrome Co., at 225th Street and Broadway, New York.

The energetic managers will not let up on Kilbane until the king of the 126-pound division either accepts Flournoy's terms or makes it plain that he is afraid to tackle Martin. Flournoy will make a trip to Cleveland to try to induce Kilbane to sign a contract calling for his next appearance in the ring with Pepper. Flournoy is as anxious as Kelley and Keyes to get this featherweight plum.

They have rightfully labelled Martin a second Terry McGovern. Sam H. Harris, who manged "Terrible Terry" gave Martin the careful once over in his training previous to meeting Herman, and right then and there declared that a successor to Terry had been found. He liked Martin's style and particularly his rushing tactics suppleminted by his hard hitting. "Here is a sure fire fighter, just like Terry," Harris was quoted as saying.

Martin had had but two fights when someone nicknamed him "Pepper. His right front name is Vincent. He is of Irish-American extraction. He is a nephew of Smoky Joe Martin. one of the greatest fire eaters in New York. He is 24 years old, married and lives and hobnobs with the boys and girls who saw him grow up. He is a graduate of Erasmus High School, and a schoolmate of Waite Hoyt, the great Yankee pitcher.

In his last 22 fights he has not failed to score a knockout or knockdown.

(Advertisement)

5. JIMMY REESE, Brooklyn bantamweight, was born and brought up in the same section as Pepper Martin. He is a bantam but can make the flyweight limit. He recently outpointed Joe Wright and Tommy Todd, ex-amateur champion. If Buff wants to defend the fly title he can be accommodated by Reese. He is coming along in great shape and in the next six months he'll be ready to step in against the best little men in the country.

* * *

6. HARRY MARTIN, of Providence, R. I., is another bantam in the stable of Keyes and Kelley. He recently boxed a draw with Danny Lee, conqueror of Young Montreal. The officials called the encounter a draw but the newspaper experts at the ringside howled about the decision in their write-up claimng that Harry was entitled to the honors. The same thing was said when he fought Joe Lynch. Martin is a good puncher and can take it, but he usually turns in a winner. He is also anxious to have it out with Buff, and if the king of the 118-pound division doesn't want any of his game, Lynch, Montreal and co. can be accommodated.

* * *

7. MICKEY DONLEY, of Newark, N. J., is a lightweight who fears no one. He has referee's decisions to his credit over Sailor Friedman, Mickey Walker and Pinkey Mitchell and earned the newspaper verdict over Joe Benjamin when the Californian was going great guns two years ago. He recently knocked out the Englishman, Joe Conn, in jig time in a Philadelphia ring. Donley is the unluckiest lightweight in the pastime because he finds it so hard to get work. They don't want any of his game, such as Charley White, Lew Tendler, Johnny Dundee and one or two other topnotchers. He is forced to run into the welter division every once in a while to get some money. He has a great following in the Jersey towns. He gives the spectators a run for their money. His managers would gladly pay some promoters to get Donley matches with the men mentioned above.

* * *

8. ANDY THOMAS, of New York's lower west side section, is another good lightweight. In the thirteen fights he has fought under the Keyes-Kelley emblem he scored as many knockouts. He is a glutton for work. He fears no man of his weight in the world. They don't come too tough for him and the more he keeps in action the better he likes it.

* * *

9. CHARLEY RYDER, featherweight from Staten Island, is making more than good among the 126-pounders. There was talk of matching him with Pepper Martin, only Keyes signed him to a contract to manage him. Ryder is a big attraction in Brooklyn. His next important bout may be seen under the Madison Square Garden management outdoors. He is practically matched to box one of the leading contenders.

Kid Socko Gets a College Education

By FRANK O'CONNELL

WHEN I was a young squirt back in the old home town manicurin' horses' toenails and fitting their hoofs with the latest style of iron brogans I was a simple sort of mug. This boxin' game, though, has wised me up a lot to the time I lost followin' the horses. There is a lot like me, though. Why work when the world is full o' saps that'll work for you?

When I was goin' out into the cold world to earn my fortune as a future expert on horse footwear my old man gave me a big earful of advice. I can remember yet, his words still ringin' in my ears:—"Never let the same bee sting you twice."

It comes back to me like a flash, them words "Never let the same bee sting you twice". In a way of speakin' I figured it out that the big town fellows would not fall for my guarantee of a knockout in every bout where my battlers took part. Didn't I live up to my part of the agreement with Frank Flournoy, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden? I ask you that, man to man. I never said that it was to be MY battlers who were going to be knocked out. I'm wise enough to know that gag is done for, so I make up my mind to lay low with the half of the seven thousand grand that was my bit for getting all my boys laid low in the Garden fights.

So I decided I'd open a cigar store and pool room in the old home town and make it the sportin' centre. I'd heard that this was a great way to keep in the limelight and hear all that was goin' on in sport circles.

Near the old home town was a college and the ray ray boys used to come down once in a while to shoot a game o' Kelly and stock up on cigarettes. Boxin' was goin' the rounds of the colleges and I thought that maybe I might pick up a good amateur who wouldn't mind makin' a big o' change.

One day in walks a guy that they told me was the college lightweight champ. He looked like a movie actor, somethin' on the lines of Wallie Reid, and you couldn't make me believe that he could get rough with any one.

I was curious, though, because I had seen pictures of Benny Leonard and Johnny Kilbane and they didn't look much like mussy mugs, and I thought that here might be a curly wolf in Little Red Ridin' Hood clothes.

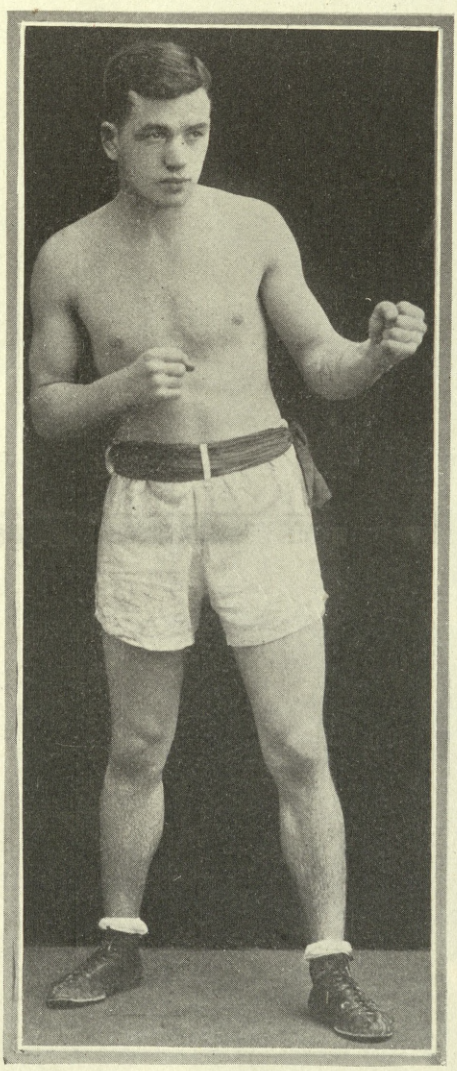
So I gets into the confidence of Clarence and begin to feel him out. He was sure a bug on the boxin' game and knew the history of the ring from soup to nuts. I told him that I'd been a manager of fighters, but was takin' a rest for the time bein'.

"Clarence," says I one day, "how would you like to have me get you a little easy dough? No one need get wise to it."

"I could use it," answers Clarence. "What's the game?"

So I tell him of a scheme where we can work the small towns in a disguised name and build up a reputation then for the big things.

Clarence fell, and here's where Kid Socko starts off for another bank roll, says I to myself. I figured it wouldn't make any difference whether he got knocked out or not I knew by seein' him work out that he was a fast stepper and could get away with the small time stuff until I was ripe to spring him in the big company.



JOHNNY SHUGRUE

"I beat Johnny Dundee in Worcester," says Johnny Shugrue, "and I can do the same thing in New York. If Dundee doesn't think so all he has to do is to sign a contract and be shown." So it wouldn't be at all surprising to hear of another Dundee-Shugrue contest soon. Young Johnny Shugrue promises to reach even a higher pinnacle in the lightweight ranks than his brother Joe, who once knocked out Benny Leonard and was the foremost contender for Freddie Welsh's title when eye trouble forced him to abandon the ring.

In his vacation time we played the small burgs through Ohio and Illinois. I had dubbed him Slim Smollen after an old friend o' mine in the home town. I would rather have called him some fierce name like One Wallop Wilson, but you couldn't have the heart to with that angel face o' his. Slim was a slick enough guy and I told him to keep under wraps and not show too much.

I see he could hit, but he was too polite. He'd wallop a mug on the jaw and then he'd wait till he was all to the merry again before he would wade in. We cleaned up quite a bit in the bushes and Slim's work began to get talked about by the scouts that's always lookin' around to grab a good guy from a small towner.

They wouldn't pull none of that stuff on Kid Socko, says I, for I had my eye teeth sharpened in that first fight o' mine when I got $2.35 as my bit for gettin' knocked for a goal.

Slim was a cagey guy, havin' a college education, but he trusted old Socko. I had a friend who knew Tom McGinty over in Cleveland and he told Tom that there was a corkin' lightweight who was cleanin' up in the small time burgs and that he would be a knockout on the big circuit.

So I gets in touch with Tom and he agrees to get him put on against a sort o' sap in a semi-final to see if he was there. He was billed as Slim Smollen, the Michigan Mystery Man.

When the fans piped him against a mug that had a face and arms like a goriller they began to ride him.

"Where's your powder puff? Why don't you wear lace on your pants? Bet he trains on chocolate sundaes," and other Lizzie things were shouted at him by the crowd.

The goriller wouldn't shake hands, but ripped into Slim and laced him all over the ring. I could see my new meal ticket goin' up in smoke. In the second round Slim came out and started to jab so fast with his left that the goriller saw a million gloves. The goriller was tiring fast and 'long toward the end of the third round Slim slipped over a right hook from his shoestrings and the goriller went

flat on his back. His head hit an awful thud and he was out.

I sees myself billed as "Kid Socko, the Maker of Champions, manager of Slim Smollen, the only college grad to become a champion."

So we gets a match for a final bout over in Cleveland and we were to get a thousand bucks with a promise of a whole lot more for the future. I was startin' all over in a modest way and I wasn't goin' to be a hog. I figured I could bet a wad on Slim and make a good roll that way.

The big night comes and he has a husky guy, lookin' like Rocky Kansas, against him. I figured that this was the kind made to order for Slim, rememberin' his fight with the goriller.

I knew the fight was in and I lay down a thousand through a friend of mine on Slim.

The guy against him was a swinger who counted on a right like Frank Moran's Mary Ann to flatten his opponent. Gee, that was pie! In the first round the rough person missed my little Clarence a couple o' thousand times and Slim dished out a neat little pepperin', but I had told him to keep on the brakes because they might think him too good and that wouldn't help us to get into the big doin's any too quick.

In the second round I told Slim to let loose a bit and he caught his man comin' in with a right uppercut flush to the jaw. The rough guy took the count of nine and when he got up Slim let him come into a clinch and didn't try to finish him.

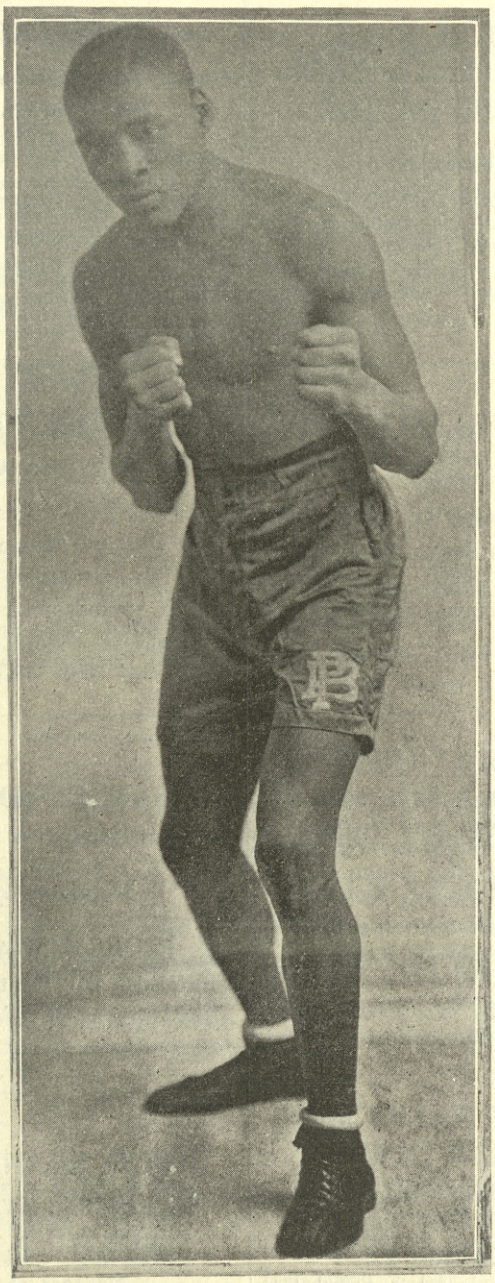
Well, says I, when Slim comes to the corner, finish him up this round. I was countin' up that roll that Socko would put away in the old town bank already.

Out goes Slim for the third and in less than a minute Slim socked him a left hook to the jaw that made him dizzy and then pasted over a right that sent the rough guy up against the ropes. Slim stepped back in his polite way and wouldn't follow up, much as I yelled at him. The rough guy staggered over to the centre of the ring. All of a sudden I sees that right swing startin' and I yelled to Slim to duck. He musta been thinkin' about some of his ray ray stuff, for he never got out o' the way of it and the first thing that hits the canvas is the back of his neck.

They didn't need to count him out. They carried him out. I don't know who was the most surprised, the rough guy or me.

Well, they may teach a guy a lot o' things in college. I suppose they tell them always to be polite, but a guy that is too polite in the ring is goin' to light on his dome. A little brains is all right, but too much is worse than none. To think that my hard-earned grand went into the raspberry bushes!

Well, I have a college education now.



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In our next issue—a highly interesting article on "Masters of the Seven Arts as Students of Boxing." This article by Al Carson, contains anecdotes of the late Theodore Roosevelt, Douglas Fairbanks, Augustus Thomas, Jack Morosco, the late Enrico Caruso, Maurice Barrymore, Maurice Maeterlinck, John Drew, Gabriel D'Annunzio and others. A full page of illustrations will accompany the article.

The Next Champion

Perhap's he's a kid who is fighting prelims
At a dollar a battle, or less;
With his face beaten raw and a crepe on his glims
And an ear in a cauliflower dress.
A two-fisted hitting disciple of Fight,
Who battles ere taking his meals;
Who carries a potion of sleep in his right
And dreams in the other conceals.

Perhaps he's the kid who is doing the chores
Down yonder where fighters are grown,
The kid who has settled so many rough scores
That other kids let him alone.
He's the student who walloped the teacher, perhaps,
Who never was known to be scared,
Who always has given more time to his scraps
Than to pi times the radius squared.

He's growing up somewhere in city or town,
In the bush or way out on the plain,
And maybe he hasn't a thought of renown
Or a dream of a champion's gain.
But somewhere he's nursing the champion smack,
Though nobody's wise to his name,
And one of these days he'll exterminate Jack—
That's one of the rules of the game.

W. P.

Modern Pugilists Divided Into Three Types

(*Continued from page* 14)

The above constitute only a few of the many boxers representative of the three classes but give a fair idea of the types to which the most renowned ring heroes belong. The list proves conclusively that the majority of the champions are members of the division of clever and heavy hitting boxers and that these same men have succeeded in defending their titles more successfully than the champions who belong to one of the two other divisions.

A champion can retain his title just so long as his vigor will last, although in many cases champions have held a title for ten or more years, as in the case of John L. Sullivan and Johnny Kilbane, because they absolutely declined to meet boxers whose ability was such as to command considerable respect.

Take Sullivan, for instance. He held the championship of America for a period of ten years because he refused to clash with Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard and Bob Fitzsimmons, men who might have deprived the Boston Butcher Boy of his crown. Their challenges were repeatedly ignored. At least a dozen good boys failed to get Kilbane into the ring for similar reasons.

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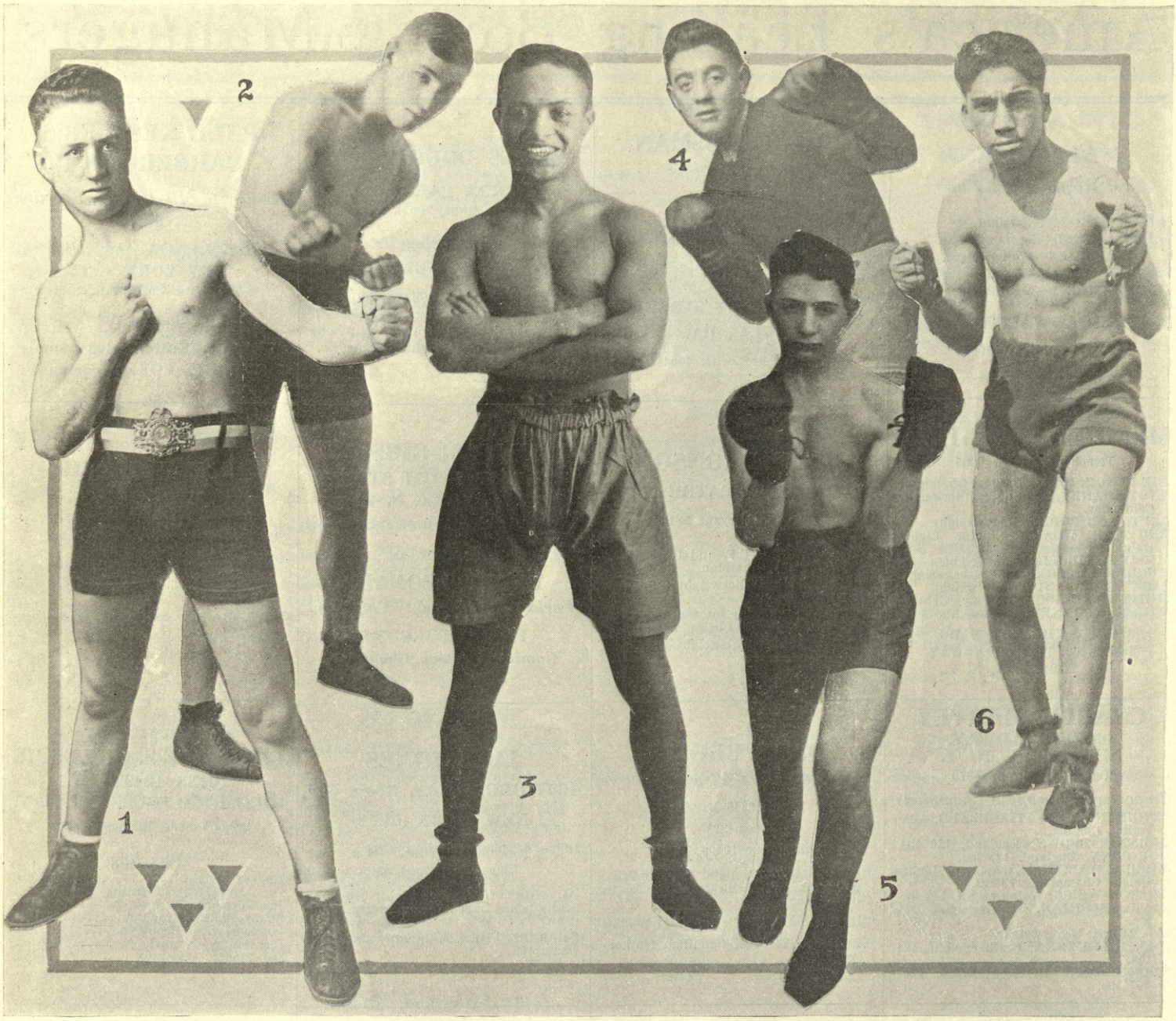

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5—*Sammy Michaels, Forty-Seventh Infantry, Brooklyn, featherweight National Guard champion*
6—*Jockey Moore, Fifteenth Infantry, champion featherweight of his regiment.*

Recruiting Helped By Boxing in Armories

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times is the growth of boxing in regimental circles in New York and other eastern cities. The sport is now being fostered by practically every military organization in New York City and professional boxers are providing great entertainment for their brother soldiers at four or five of the larger regiments in town. No longer is it necessary to resort to subterfuges in order to provide members of regimental organizations with professional boxing bouts.

Through untiring efforts of officers of such organizations as the Ninth Coast Defense, the 102nd Medical Corps, the Fifteenth Infantry, the Forty-Seventh Regiment and the Second Field Artillery, prominent professional boxers have become legitimate members of these military units.

Their presence has stimulated recruiting, the obvious aim of the officers, but, too, it has stimulated the growth of boxing to a wonderful extent and has reacted to the betterment of the game in general. Hardly a prominent local boxer in this city but belongs to some military organization. Representing this organization in boxing circles, he has become just as proud of his affiliation as the amateurs are of their clubs and the spirit of sport for sport's sake and the honor of the club above personal sacrifices has been instilled in most of the boxers, and the result is a keen but healthy and true sportsmanlike rivalry among boxers in the various regiments of the city. It is, in fact, one of the cleanest growths to be noted in the professional boxing game in this country today.

Renault Resumes Training

Jack Renault the big Canadian heavyweight who has been sick for the past three months is out again on the firing line and training for coming contests. His first match will be a return bout with Billy Miske at St. Paul, Minn.

"Knotty Problems of Knockout" Causes Widespread Discussion

TEX O'ROURKE, secretary of the National Federation of Boxing, in a letter to the Editor of THE RING, calls our attention to an error in last month's article on "Knockouts," by Pete Stone, which the editor is pleased to rectify.

In his statement, Stone declared that when a boxer finishes one round, takes his minute's rest and then refuses or fails to respond to the call of the gong for the succeeding round, his opponent is given credit in the record books as having scored a knockout in the round about to have started.

Tex O'Rourke declares this is specifically stated in the rules of the National Federation and has been adopted by all foreign countries. O'Rourke states that in Willard's case the Federation regards Jess as having been knocked out by Dempsey in the third and not the fourth round.

This rule, however, differs in several states. Here in New York, until the "fouling" of Gold by Tendler necessitated a stand by the Boxing Commission, the round following that in which a boxer last fought prior to refusing to come out of his corner to continue, was always recorded as the one in which the victim was knocked out and not the last round in which he actually fought.

Tom O'Rourke, efficient member of the New York State Boxing Board, when asked what the opinion of the State Commission would be in any of the cases cited in the Stone article, declared that when Hymie Gold was stopped by Lew Tendler, the question came up for a decision at the regular meeting of the board and its members ruled that as Gold had completed the seventh round, claimed a foul and after a minute's rest refused to come out for the eighth session, the bout went into the state records as "Tendler stopped Gold in seven rounds." According to Tom, he differed with his colleagues, but the commissioners refused to acknowledge that Tendler had scored a knockout in the eighth round and decided that all such contests will be recorded as bouts in which one opponent stopped another in the round just completed and will not be cited as a knockout.

One-Minute RESTS Between Rounds

By UPPERCUT

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion is going to retire after another campaign this winter. He will box Rocky Kansas at Michigan City on July 4 and Charley White in New York for Tex Rickard the end of July.

Phil Glassman figures that a Leonard-Tendler match will draw $750,000 and therefore is holding out for twenty-five per cent. of the house which has been refused. He turned down a cold guarantee of $62,500. And Jack Dempsey took $27,500 to get a chance at Willard. Phil is a hard boiled business man.

The New York Velodrome, largest bike track in the world will be the scene of some high class attractions this summer. Charley White has two tentative matches, one with Rocky Kansas and the other with Willie Jackson. Tendler and White is another Tex Rickard contemplates putting on after the Fourth.

It cost Dempsey a pretty penny for his trip abroad but the champ can stand it. Johnny Buff and Johnny Kilbane, the other two Jacks to make the trip, came back empty handed but much wiser. The "frogs" would like to get Dempsey in a Paris ring and pull a few new rules on him. Georges has been in some rather shady battles since he started.

Willie Jackson, Doc Bagley's sensational lightweight, who holds the distinction of being the only boxer to knock out Johnny Dundee and floor Lew Tendler for a 14-count, questions the right of Tendler and Dundee to a titular match with Leonard. According to Bagley, Jackson will be ready shortly to box either Tendler, Dundee, White or Kansas. It is very likely that a return match between Jackson and White will be staged at the New York Velodrome.

Battling Harry Leonard, of Philadelphia, has been matched to box Johnny Buff for the bantamweight championship, as soon as the Skeeter recovers. They were scheduled to have it out in Philly several weeks ago but Buff got sick. The Battler knocked out Sammy Nable in 11 rounds, Indian Russell, 4, Mike Ertle, 4, and Joe Dillon, 3. He has beaten among other contenders Memphis Pal Moore and Kid Williams.

Phil Bloom, the Veteran welterweight of Brooklyn, has been stricken with pleurisy and will not be able to don another boxing glove until September.

Dave Shade, the Californian welterweight sensation, still goes along cleaning up. Shade has made close to $18,000 during the month of May.

Johnny Dundee is going to take a trip to Europe with his family and leave his father in Italy. Johny is booked to meet Charley White at Rock Island June 27 and will return in time to work for that muss.

Frank Schoell, Buffalo welterweight, is hot on the trail of Dave Shade who held champion Jack Britton to a draw. Shade's manager, Leo Flynn, claims that Schoell received a hometown decision when they fought last. The best way to decide the argument is to hook them up for fifteen rounds.

Rocky Kansas would have a better chance with Leonard in a fifteen round bout than over the ten round no-decision route which will be the distance in their Michigan City bout. Rocky is built to go the route. It took all Benny had at the weight to beat him at Madison Square Garden.

Nate Lewis is billing Jock Malone all over the country as "The man after two titles." Jock is about one of the classiest middles in the country.

Fay Keiser, the Cumberland middleweight, and Harry Greb are all but matched for a fifteen round go at the new arena at New Orleans. They drew in twenty rounds before the war and Fay has improved fifty per cent. since then which should make the fans sit up down there.

Pepper Martin, Johnny Dundee and Danny Frush are making life miserable for Johnny Kilbane. Sooner or later John will take one of them and then we shall see. The feather and welter titles are due to change hands soon. And maybe the lightweight crown if Benny takes on Tendler or White at weight.

Freddie Welsh has started a new training camp at Bayside, Long Island, and has one of the finest equipped places in the country. Fred charges $60 per week but delivers the goods and his advice is second to none.

Young Corbett has not been heard from since he left Broadway for his old home in Denver. Kid Broad and Young Griffo are still in Gotham, on the wagon and can be seen any night on the Great White Way talking about the good old days. Griffo has been a "dry" for three years

Patsy Haley another old timer is considered the best referee around New York. Patsy is a good judge and knows what to do at the right time.

Jimmy Carroll, Gotham's latest star lightweight, who has just returned from a much needed rest, following his seventeen straight victories under the Walker law, made his reappearance in the ring on May 22.

Tom McGinty of Cleveland manager of Danny Frush is out with an offer to Johnny Kilbane to meet his man and will guarantee the champion feather $50,000 and one third of the house. Johnny had better grab while the going is good.

Kilbane was to have had a conference with matchmaker Frank Flournoy of Madison Square Garden the day after Pepper Martin stopped Babe Herman in one round. The boxing commission refused to allow Kilbane to be introduced and Johnny went to Cleveland early in the morning much peeved and refused to talk business. Maybe it was Martin's punch that threw a scare into Johnny?

Jack Jones, manager of Al Norton of Yonkers, New York, wants to prove that his charge is the best welter in the country. Vincent Treanor of the N. Y. Eve. World predicts that, "Norton looks like the coming champion" and Jack Skelly of the Morning Telegraph says, "Norton will be the next welterweight champion."

Jones bases his prediction that he has the coming champ in the welter division on Al Norton's sensational draw with Dave Shade, who held Jack Britton to a fifteen round draw in Madison Square Garden.

Billy Shade, who was dubbed the Australian Wonderman, hav-

ing performed so well in the land of the Kangaroo, is laid up with Boils and will not get into action until sometime in June as he is taking the Serum treatment.

Jack Reeves, who made some great fights around here, has gone back to the Pacific Coast to rest up and at the same time to get married.

Willie O'Connell, the ex-amateur, who has not lost a fight since turning professional, beat Louis Guglielmini in the Garden on May 5.

Harry Howard, one of the most feared middleweights in the business, who has boxed Harry Greb twice, Mike McTigue four times, Chuck Wiggins, Young Fitzsimmons and practically everybody in the middleweight division, is anxious to hear from all of the 160-165 pounders.

Jack Dempsey is one of our best little collectors of dogs. He brought two back with him from Germany. Jack has about seventy five dogs planted in different parts of the country and is never without one of his companions when stopping over for a few days at any of his many homes.

The Dempsey-Wills match looks like a sure thing for Montreal in July. Jack is ready any time they show him the big money. It is almost a certainty that Jess Willard will get a return match sometime around Labor Day.

Clonie Tait, the Canadian lightweight champion, has struck his stride and is going great guns around here. He has won five starts in the East and Lew Tendler, when asked to box him in Philadelphia, demanded that the club pay him $7,500 for his services.

Jimmy Sullivan is doing great work in the Bagley stable. He is a welterweight. In the amateur ranks he was lightweight champion. He knocked out Sam Bell in 45 seconds. He knocked out Bobby Barrett, the sensational Philadelphian in 3 rounds; Tim Droney, 5, and Joe Jackson 6. He has defeated such good welters as Frankie Schoell, Marty Summers, Young Gradwell, Barney Adair, Johnny Clinton, and fought George Ward five times and Mickey Walker two draws. He'll be ready to resume operations as soon as he gets out of a sick bed. Then Doc will send him after Jack Britton, Dave Shade and some other good welters around the country.

A new sensation has hit the Pacific Coast, who has been knocking his opponents bow-legged, and when looking over the files, we find it's none other than our own Bobby Michaels, the elongated southpaw from New York. Bobby has knocked out five in a row, and is still going strong.

Jack Stark, winner of the Metropolitan amateur title last year has turned pro and has won all of his six starts. Jack looks and fights like Ad Wolgast when the ex-champ was going good.

Ad Wolgast was given a benefit recently at Los Angeles by Jack Doyle. The promoter handed over $4,200 after the show which is not bad for a fellow looking for three flops and a squat, (three meals and a bed).

Hughey Hutchinson's injured right arm, which he hurt in his fight with Kid Kaplin in Meriden, is again O. K., and the Philadelphia Scotch featherweight is ready to mingle with the best boys in the division.

Bill Brennan, the big Chicago Harp, has finally settled down to hard work in preparation for a return match with Jack Dempsey. His manager, Leo P. Flynn, says he will fight the big fellow into shape.

Kid Norfolk realizes that he made a grave mistake in going out of his class to meet Harry Wills, and from now on the "Black Thunderbolt" will confine his ring activities to the light heavyweight division.

Canadian Boxing Notes

The city boxing commission in Montreal has taken charge of the sport in Canada's largest city. Owing to the fact that some American boxers persisted in stalling when in Montreal, the commission was formed. Georgie Brown of New York City spilled the beans when he put up a miserable contest recently being stopped in one round.

A number of Canadian boxers have been campaigning in New York City of late months. They are Clonie Tait of Calgary, claimant of the Canadian lightweight title, Moe Herscovitch, Montreal middleweight, Solly Green, Montreal lightweight, Jack Renault, Montreal heavyweight, Bert Schneider, Montreal welterweight.

Kid Dube of Lewiston, Me., made his Canadian debut recently by outpointing the veteran Joe Leonard of Brooklyn in a featherweight bout. Dube is the featherweight champ of Maine. As he is French he should be a favorite in the province of Quebec where he is now living temporarily.

Bill Brennan, the big New York heavyweight star, formerly of Chicago, is likely to appear in St. John, N. B., during the summer against another New York heavyweight or perhaps against Larry Williams of Bridgeport. Johnny Wilson is also scheduled to box in the same city against Nedde Flanagan of Malden, Mass.

Oscar Deschamps is the latest favorite of the French Canadian boxing fans of Montreal to replace Eugene Brousseau, the ill fated middleweight. Deschamps is a lightweight and recently he went ten rounds in Montreal with Frankie Fleming, the clever lightweight of Montreal, formerly featherweight champ of Canada. Fleming had a little the better of the melee. Deschamps is also a semi-pro baseball heaver about the city of Montreal.

Frank Barrieau, the Canadian middleweight from Vancouver, scored a surprise when he handily defeated Johnny Klesch of Cleveland in Toronto recently. Klesch had stopped Eddie Beattie of Hamilton a few weeks previously, and was chosen to beat Barrieau. But although Barrieau is old as battlers go he he proved too much for Klesch. Barrieau will remain in Toronto for most of the summer and it is likely Jack Britton will meet him there in the open air during the warm weather. Britton will be giving the French Canadian about ten pounds in weight as Frank is weighing now 155.

New England News Notes

By BILL McNULTY

Dave Shade had a small margin on Paul Doyle when the two welters scrapfested amid the classic confines of Boston. Shade had a shade and that was all. Doyle played on the defensive too much after being spilled to the canvas by a left hook from the Californian.

Eddie Shevlin and Jack Perry handed the fans of Worcester a prize package when they went through ten tame rounds in that city of Massachusetts. They have been roasted to a fare thee well ever since and every time anybody mentions the name of either welter to a Worcester fan who paid to see the "contest", there is a riot.

There are two Johnny Downs in Boston. One is South Boston Johnny Downs, a lightweight, and the other is Cleveland Johnny Downs, a middleweight, formerly of Cleveland. South Boston Johnny Downs was recently beaten by Jimmy Fruzetti of Brockton.

The Utah Kid, a middleweight of Bangor, named because of his service as a gob on the U. S. S. Utah, is being groomed for the middleweight championship of New England by Bill Fleming, formerly a middleweight battler of Old Town, Me.

Pat McCarthy of Boston who has taken two decisions from Bob Roper, in New England lately, one at Providence and the other at Worcester, is prepared to meet Larry Williams for the New England heavyweight title. Or, if Dan Porky Flynn thinks he has a chance against him, McCarthy's manager, Jack Williams, will send Pat against Flynn, the veteran.

Al Shubert of New Bedford keeps going despite the fact he is growing perilously near the age of fistic senility. Shubert is still a tough featherweight and is ready to meet anybody at 125, including Johnny Kilbane, who has the feather title well nigh strangled by now. Shubert has boxed most of the leading featherweights of this age and the bantamweights of the past age. He is a rough little battler. Len Nowell of New Bedford is his manager. Shubert conducts a variety store in New Bedford in addition to selling his varieties in punches in the ring.

Fans who saw the performance of Ted Kid Lewis in Boston against Nate Siegal of Boston who defeated him on decision some months ago would have been surprised had Lewis stuck more than two or three rounds with Georges Carpentier. No doubt, Lewis was in the bout for the loser's end only. He must have known he had not a chance. If Lewis would have a chance against Carp just where would Bill Brennan, Harry Greb, Tom Gibbons, Fred Fulton, etc., fit?

Eddie Shevlin, the Boston welter, seems to think he would be able to take a fall out of the ancient Jack Britton now that Jack is showing signs of decrepitude. Shevlin has been stopped twice by Britton. Shevlin is a clever performer and is instructor of boxing at Dartmouth University, Hanover, N. H.

Harry Greb is a favorite throughout New England owing to his action in the ring. The chief trouble has been that his opponents have not been of a calibre that would ensure a fairly even bout. Probably the most interesting bouts in New England in which Greb has participated were at Bridgeport when he defeated Clay Turner in fifteen exciting rounds. The Indian was then at his best and gave Greb a hard battle. Greb was then under the direction of Jimmy Mason of Pittsburgh. He is now handled by George Engel, formerly of Pittsburgh and now of New York City and who formerly managed Frank Klaus, the once formidable Pittsburgh middleweight.

Johnny Wilson plans on keeping going all through the summer and Marty Killilea, his manager, has mapped out a campaign for him that will lead to another battle with Bryan Downey, the other half of the middleweight title.

Despite his one round kayo at the hands of Augie Ratner, Jack Delaney of Bridgeport will be no sinecure for the middleweights of the present. Delaney may work his way into the front rank at that.

Ira Putnam of Fort Fairfield, Me., known as the American Legion Slugger is one tough middleweight. Putnam has been handed some ripe lacings but has not been knocked clear of his pedals. Perhaps if he trained for his bouts he might be more successful. Putnam boxed overseas when with the A. E. F. He is quite a favorite in his home county. His most recent bout was with Cleveland Johnny Downs.

St. Louis Boxing News

By GEORGE Y. HENGER

Assistant Sports Editor, St. Louis Times

Pewee Kaiser, St. Louis' leading bantam, who had to cancel matches with Jabez White and Billy Mascott because he cracked his fist on Al Walker's jaw, will soon be ready for action. Kaiser and Midge Smith or Jack Sharkey are talked of for an open air show late in June. Since Pewee gained a referee's decision over Pal Moore he has been shooting at the leaders. He is in the same stable with Jack Lawler and Harry Kabakoff with Joe Levy as the skipper. The kid is a comer, sure, a graduate of high school and former amateur champ.

Tommy Sullivan, ex-bantam champion and former promoter, matchmaker and referee who lost out on his club during the squabble between the city and state commissions, has been named boxing instructor at Bill Lauer's new gymnasium.

The promoters after a lean winter are looking for pickings in the open air shows. Eddie Brady, who handled the big Battery "Y" armory last summer has retired from the promoting field and W. E. Lauer is expected to step in. Jimmy Solari, who has the Business Men's Club, wants to bring one of the leading Eastern bantams on for Patsy Flanagan at the ball park.

This same Flanagan, by the way, turned down an offer to scrap Young Montreal at Boston and took on Solly Epstein, the Toledo Wop, at a home club. Patsy dropped a crusher on Epstein's chin in the fifth round. Then the Commission rubbed it in by suspending Epstein for three months for engaging in another bout 48 hours before checking in St. Louis.

Billy Douglas, who claims the lightweight title of Cuba, has located in the West end to attend the dental department of St. Louis University. Like Harvey Bright, Douglas is inclined towards a professional career and means to box his way through college.

Alex Trambitas who was in Joe Levy's stable has ducked out for the East. He didn't like the climate. While sticking around he won a decision over the veteran Harvey Thorpe and gave Johnny Tilman a nice licking.

Now and then the western fan gets a touch of class. Andy Chaney had the Coliseum throng on its feet when he chased Harry Kabakoff around the ring for 12 rounds. Andy whistled kayo punches all around Kabby's lengthy chin but could not lnad flush, so Harry was on his feet when Referee Sharpe raised the hand of the Baltimore boy. In their last meeting Chaney stopped Kabby in the first round after dropping him half a dozen times. Before Chaney's visit we had a peek at Carl Tremaine who won a decision over Jabez White.

Tommy Bramell, who trained Abe Attell in his halcyon days, is boxing instructor for an exclusive boys' finishing school and has a string of youngsters under his wing.

New Orleans and Southern Boxing News and Notes

By FRED DIGBY

New Orleans Item

The fans are still talking about the wonderful showing Marty Burke made against Billy Miske, the St. Paul heavyweight who is staging a genuine "comeback". Miske won the decision over Burke after 15 rounds, but the Irish boy came off with the hero honors for he did the unepected when he stepped the full distance and gamely stood to his guns.

Considering that Burke has not had 40 professional fights in a period of three years of ringwork, his showing indicates that he is tough and game and has no small amount of skill. For a youngster Marty has certainly been asked to meet some tough customers, for included among his opponents are Miske, Bartley Madden, Al Reich, Gene Tunney, Willie Meehan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., Chuck Wiggins, Eddie O'Hare, Happy Littleton, George Chip, Greek K. O. Brown, Sailor Petroskey, Harry Foley, Bob Martin and Jim Coffey.

Burke is anxious to get Gene Tunney again—Gene having outpointed him at Dyckman's Oval last summer—and on his accomplishments since then, Marty seems entitled to another chance. But if Tunney won't go with him, Burke says, "Bring on Miske again, Bill Brennan, Harry Greb or the toughest they find."

Harry Foley, the Arkansas sensation who had lost only to Burke and Jeff Smith in any Southern ring, was halted by Tommy Gibbons in the sixth round of a scheduled 15-round battle. Gibbons dealt out a brand of punishment that gradually sapped the strength of the game carrot-topped entry from Hot Springs and Foley collapsed soon after the sixth round began.

James "Slim" Brennan made his debut in the Foley-Gibbons encounter and made a hit with the fans. He stopped the uneven contest at the proper time. "Slim," as a referee, was all dolled up for the occasion, being bedecked in white. Brennan is epected to fill a long felt want locally—a competent official.

The Flynn stable entry, Phil Salvatore, sprung a huge surprise on the fans when he defeated Basil Galiano in 15 rounds May 8. Salvatore floored Galiano in the ninth round but thereafter had his work cut out to win over "Red" Walsh's fast improving lightweight. Salvatore is the first visiting fighter ever to defeat Galiano and also is the first to score a knockdown over the young Italian.

Reports in connection with the shooting of Frankie Russell, lightweight boxer, stated erroneously that "Red" Walsh had also been killed. The Walsh killed in the bootlegging war was not the popular handler of local boxers but a Californian not connected in any way with the ring sport.

Frankie Edwards' new arena, The Coliseum, is rapidly nearing completion and the opening contest, late in June, will probably bring together Bob Martin and Marty Burke. The Coliseum will seat close to 10,000 fans and will be the largest indoor arena in the South.

The ring game is enjoying quite a boom in Shreveport, La., where Mal McGilvery, 1440 Pierre street, is the matchmaker. McGilvery recently took over the Southern A. C. and has been offering such an excellent article of sport that the fans are literally flocking to the arena every Monday.

Pete Herman has returned home, and is said to be nursing a fractured hand. Rumor has it, however, that promoter Tortorich will stage a Herman-Lynch contest here at his Louisiana Auditorium. Such an engagement would undoubtedly play to the largest gate on record in the South.

Twice-a-week the year round is the program of local promoters. Eastern managers who wish to communicate with the promoters can do so at the following addresses: Dominick Tortorich and Frank Joret, representing the Louisiana auditorium and the Tulane club, respectively, 118 Baronne Street; John Abrams, manager Orleans A. C., 518 Baronne Street. Frank Edwards, manager The Coliseum, can be reached at present in care La. State Boxing Commission, Macheca Bldg.

Doings in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

Philadelphia *North American*

Philadelphia and nearby boxing fans were all het-up over the June 2 battle between Lew Tendler and Bobby Barrett at the Phillies' Ball Park. Both fighters are popular, and heavy wagers were recorded on the chances of each.

Daniel Duffy of Kensington is sounding the praises of Charley O'Neill, his Kensington middleweight, who he claims is out with a defy to meet any 158-pounder in the country. He is hot on the trail of Al Verbecken, Johnny Burns' protégé.

Duke Kelly, Philadelphia boxing manager, has been promoting a number of shows at Sunbury, Pa. He plans some outdoor features during the summer months.

George (K. O.) Chaney, the Baltimore knockout artist and his manager, Sammy Harris, got themselves in bad with the Philadelphia fight fans when they argued over Jimmy Hanlon's eight ounces overweight at the Ice Palace recently. The show was held up for an hour while the boxing managers squabbled. Finally Chaney agreed to fight and gave Hanlon one of the worst beatings that he has ever received.

Lew Tendler recently turned down an attractive offer to meet Joe Nelson, a westerner at Omaha, Neb. Tendler and his manager, Phil Glassman, have outlined a busy summer and are only booking "big time" stuff.

Leo Houck, Lancaster lightweight, never seems to grow old. The Red Rose city fighter, who gained most of his fame as a middleweight, continues to turn in a victory now and then. One of his latest conquests was over Herman Miller, the Baltimore boxer, in a York, Pa., ring.

Al Wagner, Philadelphia featherweight, recently turned down an attractive offer to meet Danny Frush, the Baltimore lad, in a Toledo ring. Business reasons caused the Philadelphian to spurn the offer.

Mike Paulson, the St. Paul veteran, who appeared in Philadelphia rings several times during the winter and temporarily made his home here, is now getting in action in Boston.

Kid Beebe, hero of more than 600 battles, has been putting on a ring act with Joe Brown, and it goes big. Beebe was famous in the days of Lew Bailey's old Broadway A. C., which also brought out Freddie Welsh, Young Erne and a number of other ring luminaries.

After winning the Middle Atlantic amateur middleweight championship, Sam Blackiston has turned pro. It was not uncommon for Sam to beat two or three men in a single night in the amateur ranks.

Terry Davis, former Brooklyn featherweight, has been training at a local gymnasium with the hope of getting on with some of the best of the Quaker City "feathers." He looked good against Chick Kansas in his local debut.

Harry Gordon, bantamweight, and Buck Fleming, featherweight, who were boxing in New York rings, have placed themselves under the management of Joe Wagner of this city.

Frankie Scarp, recently discharged from the U. S. Navy, is out with a challenge in the 154-pound division to meet all comers. He is 5ft. 10 in. Steve Marcoe is looking after his business.

Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia's star middleweight, who had a brilliant winter, has started to fight away from his home city and as usual, returns with decisions. Loughran is a product of South Philadelphia, where he started under the colors of the St. Monica Catholic Club.

Harry Burke, a hard hitter from South Philadelphia, has resumed training with the idea of getting a number of open-air bouts, and Fatty Kolb, who looks after him, says he will make trouble for any of the "feathers."

The Olympia A. C. of Harrisburg continues to flourish under the management of Joe Barrett, who has been using a number of Philadelphia boxers in his semi-monthly shows.

Billy McCarney, veteran fight manager, has been in Philadelphia trying to put on five westerners against the best that the east can produce. Billy nominates: Farmer Lodge in the heavyweight class; Jack Josephs of St. Paul, 140 pounds; Willie Doyle, lightweight champion of Michigan; Dandy Dillon, bantamweight champion of Canada, and Pete Zivic, of Pittsburgh, 116 pounder.

Matty Barrett, the Grays Ferry bantamweight, is preparing for a busy outdoor campaign.

Johnny Hauber, the Wilmington middleweight, has been going up of late and often invades Philadelphia ranks with success.

Harold Smith of Chicago is coming on to make this city his summer headquarters and will be handled by Eddie Stanton. Smith has boxed most of the leading western bantams, including Pal Moore and Babe Asher.

Pittsburgh Boxing Notes

By RICHARD GUY
Sporting Editor, Pittsburgh Leader

The local boxing commission is trying to keep the game alive here and free from petty politics. During the past winter, but one club existed in Pittsburgh, and anyone connected with the boxing game realizes the abuses that can creep into the sport when that condition exists.

The commission will not permit any manager of fighters to operate shows. At least that is the idea on the surface of it, but time will tell if any managers are back of the open air shows here this summer.

We have a coming bantam. He is Tim Drexler, from Moon Run. Drexler is under the management of Jack Dillon, former boxer and referee, and he looks the goods. He made a splendid fight against Chalky Wimler the other night in a special show held by McKinley Post No. 4. He outboxed and outfought Wimler.

Pittsburghers were pleased to hear that Jack Perry had gained the referee's decision over Eddie Shevlin in Worcester. That means that Perry can claim the welterweight championship of New England, for Shevlin held that title.

Perry boxed Johnny Ward shortly before going to Worcester in a McKeesport ring, and won easily. But Ward put up a good fight. Perry's experience helped him in this bout. Ward is a comparatively newcomer in the welterweight family.

The Boxing Commission here has named three referees: Eddie Kennedy, Joe Kelly and Yock Henniger, all former fighters and experienced arbiters.

There is some talk of Harry Greb appearing in Forbes Field during the summer, with an opponent of high class, maybe Mike O'Dowd. Jim Routley, leading matchmaker hereabouts, intends to get back of the show, with the assistance of Tom Bodkin, formerly of this city, now of New York. Routley is the matchmaker for the Birmingham club, which up to several months ago put on all the big fights in this city.

Jimmy Conrad, pilot of Patsy Scanlon, has a new 130 pounder who is starting to climb. His name is Tony Ross, a dark-skinned descendant of Sunny Italy. He is a mere kid, but he can battle. In fact he is regarded as the best of the crop emerging from the preliminary class in this city.

Notice how Tommy Ryan of McKeesport is going up and down the line, meeting all of the tough bantams? Ryan, who is managed by Charley Jones of McKeesport, is rapidly forging his way to the front.

A newcomer in the boxing game is looming up in Spooks Lytle, the demon critic of Keyser, W. Va. Spooks has unearthed a light heavyweight from the mines of West Virginia whom he is keeping in the dark until he is ready to spring. Some big tough boys come from the coal mines, George Chip, for instance.

Had a visitor the other day. He was Bill McCarney. Bill blows in and out, just like the wind. He is hooked up with Jimmy Bronson in conducting Bob Martin around the country appearing before American Legion clubs. Bill did not talk much about Martin on this visit, but he did dwell upon a new heavyweight named Tut Jackson he dug up around Washington County House, O. This big smoke flattened Sam Langford and Rough House Wares, and McCarney is all smoked up on him.

Mike Ray, a new manager in the game here, has a light heavyweight named Robinson who punches hard. Robinson is a colored chap who cleaned up in the amateur ranks.

We have a new boxing commission here. On it are Bill Peet, a scribe, Owney Fitzsimmons, an old time fight fan and horse owner and Garnet Sixsmith, former hockey player. Three others make up the Commission, which draws down no pay, and has no official status.

Chicago Boxing Notes

ART WINCH

Kid Howard's (Arcade Gym) on Clark St. is drawing capacity crowds each day. Kid Howard's colored heavyweight, Bill Tate, will soon be seen in action again, as his hand is getting in good shape.

Ray Jeffries, a local flyweight boy, has advanced so rapidly that the newspapers are commenting on his future possibilities. He was a student of Johnny Coulon and should be heard from in the near future.

Andre Anderson, Chicago heavyweight, has won his last five fights, since his comeback. Anderson is open to box anyone on a short notice. He prefers Bill Brennan for a return match.

Frankie Jummati, West side bantamweight, is after all the good boys in the 118 pounds division. Jummati has boxed nearly all the bantams around here. His last fight with Babe Asher in Grand Rapids was a sensational fight, and that the same club wants him back with Carl Tremaine.

Chick Rice manager of Frankie Welch, local welterweight, who has boxed Pinkie Mitchell, is after a match with Ever Hammer. Welch is a likely looking boy and may be heard from in the future.

Frankie Izzo, one of Chicago's best flyweights, who has met Johnny Ertle, Johnny Coulon, Frankie Mason, Sammy Mandell and other top notchers, is now staging a comeback. Izzo looks as ever in his workouts at the gym. He has now three bouts scheduled.

Jimmy Kelly, local bantamweight, has resumed training again at the Arcade gym for several matches that his manager Jim Mullen has lined up for him. Kelly will be a busy boy this summer as his manager will use him on every card in Aurora.

Frankie Sikora, boxing instructor at Ferretti gym, will soon start in boxing again. Sikora has met some of the best featherweights around the West, and is open to box anyone in the country.

There is a wild scramble out this way among various promoters for the attractions that will feature the summer boxing shows around Chicago. There will be six clubs, the way it looks now, and it's a cinch that all of them will not prosper. At this writing Michigan City, Indiana, Aurora, Illinois, and East Chicago are sure to run. Then there may be two clubs at Fort Sheridan. Gary, Ind., also aims to get into the running.

Jim Mullen, known as the "Tex Rickard" of Chicago, has Aurora and if they go at Fort Sheridan he will have the big club there also. This season he considers promoting at the Central States Fairgrounds, just three miles from Aurora, where the capacity is almost unlimited. Last year the best he could do was to draw 5,000 persons. Mullen has proved a corking matchmaker and his plans are pretentious, including several titular combats.

Floyd Fitzsimmons will be the kingbee at Michigan City with a new cement arena. Floyd was compelled to desert his safety-first arena at Benton Harbor because Governor Grossbeck of Michigan stopped his shows. The executive's attitude is attributed to political differences. It is the Fitzsimmons idea to use Benny Leonard on July 4, Jack Britton on August 5 and Jack Dempsey on Labor Day.

Fitz wants either Charlie White or Pinkey Mitchell for Leonard, Dave Shade for Britton and Bill Brennan for Dempsey. He claims to have the three champions already booked. Mullen is after some of these matches, too. The Michigan City arena is diagramed to seat 40,000.

Charlie White and Sailor Friedman, of course, are the leading Chicago lightweights today. But there are several being developed in private fights and in the gyms. Ever Hammer is doing a real and astonishing comeback under the management of George Ferguson. Hammer recently whipped Joe Jawson in a tough fight. Jawson beat Johnny Mendelsohn and the latter claims he won his Ritchie Mitchell fight. Hammer also has stopped Maxey Green and bested Eddie Boehme. He is strong and tough and apparently as good as the night he caught Freddie Welsh off his stride in Milwaukee.

The bantam crop is good. Pal Moore and Joe Burman work out of Chicago and Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute "Redhead," is rivalling them in popularity. Eddie Kane has Taylor and is positive he will have him at the top some day. Johnny Buff may box Taylor near here in June.

Tom Walsh is booking Jock Malone out of the loop against both welters and middles. Jock wants Britton at 147 pounds. Walsh aims to send Malone against Bryan Downey, Johnny Wilson, if he can land him, and the great Harry Greb nearby when the weather warms up. Eddie Welch and Dennis O'Keefe are good welters working here. Kane has Tom Gibbons, of course, but has done nothing with him since the Greb catastrophe. Mike Dundee of the Dick Curley stable is about the best of our feathers.

Grover Hayes former lightweight boxer, who met all the top notchers a few years ago, is now disabled due to injuries received in the ship yards. He is now earning his livelihood by selling the leading boxing magazine, THE RING at the Arcade gym on Clark St.

Jimmy Anderson, new lightweight from the Italian colony, is working out daily with Ever Hammer. He shows promise of success in the lightweight division. He is managed by his brother Kid Polly.

Charlie White, leading lightweight contender, is matched to meet his old rival, Johnny Dundee in a ten-round no decision bout in Rock Island, Ill., June 27. This will make the seventh meeting between these rival contenders.

The two Eddie's, Kane and Long, have added another high class boxer to their stable, same being Ted Jamieson, Milwaukee light-heavy weight. With Tom Gibbons, Jamieson, Tommy Comiskey, Sammy Mandell, Bud Taylor and Joe Mandell, they now have the best stable of boxers in the Windy City, working out of one office.

Jamieson, who spent seventeen months in France on five different battle fronts, is another product of the army and for a youngster, who has been boxing only two years, has made a good name for himself. Ted has met Greb, Tunney, Wiggins, Martin, Roper, Renault, John Lester Johnson, and others and if he progresses under his new tutors as good as the other youngsters in the stable they expect great things from him.

Jim Mullen has been making great efforts to match champion Buff and Bud Taylor for the opening show of his new Aurora arena, but so far has been unable to get Buff. If Jim cannot make this match for the opener, he is going after a Sammy Mandell-Joe Burman match. Different promoters hereabouts have been trying to bring these two together all winter. It looked like a great open air attraction and looks like they will get together on the 29th. This match is bound to fill the 6,500 seats Mullen has in his new arena.

Buff and Taylor are sure to meet in a later match and this fight will draw all the fight fans in Chicago, as the little Hoosier flyweight has made himself a tremendous card due to the fact, that during the winter he defeated every local bantam.

Results of Boxing Bouts

APRIL

8—San Francisco:
Eddie Diggins knocked out Young Carmen, 3 rds.
Jimmy Dunning and Sammy Compagno, draw, 4 rds.
Ernest Lundgren and Frankie McCann, draw, 4 rds.
Jimmy Brady beat Al Green, 4 rds.
Jack Flynn beat Jackie Moore, 4 rds.
Harry Baker and Joe Steers, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Santos knocked out Tony Rojos, 2 rds.

10—Louisville:
Jimmy Dalton beat Tommy Phillips, 10 rds.

18—New York (Pioneer A.C.):
Young Bob Fitzsimmons won on a foul from Jack Reeves, 10 rds.
Sailor Tom Maxted knocked out Joe Johnson, 1 rd.
Jimmy Kirke beat Joe Conn, 8 rds.
Teddy Russell beat Artie Scotti, 6 rds.
Johnny Bush and Whitey Hall draw, 4 rds.

18—N. Y. (Star Sporting Club):
Frankie Genaro beat Manny Wexler, 12 rds.
Sol Seamon beat Joe Leopold, 12 rds.
Young Hurley beat Sam Fritz, 6 rds.

18—Baltimore:
Andy Chaney knocked out Joe Dundee, 8 rds.

18—Boston:
Peggy Martin knocked out Louis Hamlin, 2 rds.

18—Buffalo:
Herman Smith beat Bobby Tracy, 10 rds.
Harry Mueller beat Fritz Meller, 8 rds.
Harry Raskin beat Red Cameron, 6 rds.

18—Quebec:
Silas Green knocked out Soike Sullivan, 4 rds.

18—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Jack Perry beat Terry Hanlon, 8 rds.
Tommy Golden beat Ray Mitchell, 8 rds.
Johnny Krause beat Jimmy McDonough, 8 rds.
George Parker beat Black Dempsey, 6 rds.
Johnny Paschell knocked out Frankie Barnes, 2 rds.

18—Akron, Ohio:
Harry Krohn beat Eddie Mullaney, 12 rds.

18—Reading, Pa.:
Pedro Campo beat Danny Rogers, 8 rds.
Tommy Devlin knocked out Ray Garcia, 5 rds.
Bobby Burke and Young Desico, draw, 8 rds.
Andy O'Brien knocked out Buck Stern, 1 rd.
Jimmy Snyder beat Young McCarty, 6 rds.

18—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Tiny Trinkle beat Kid Wolfe, 10 rds.
Young Ketchell and Buddy Fitzgerald, draw, 8 rds.
Young Bush knocked out Young Mason, 3 rds.
Kid Stark knocked out Kid Wolgast, 5 rds.

19—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Shugrue beat Johnny Dundee, 10 rds.

19—New Bedford, Mass.:
Benny Valger beat Frankie Britt, 10 rds.

19—Salem, Mass. (Naumkeag A. C.):
Joe Curry beat King Lee, 10 rds.

19—Salt Lake City:
Spug Meyers knocked out Midget Smith, of Midvale, Utah, 4 rds.
John Hanna beat Ted Titus. 4 rds.

20—New York (102nd Medical Regiment Armory):
Barney Keeley beat Charlie Murray, 12 rds.
Harry Bowers beat Frankie Maher, 8 rds.

20—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Battling Mack beat Battling Leonard, 8 rds.
Joe Lynch beat Jimmy Mendo, 8 rds.
Jack Sharkey beat K. O. Joe O'Donnell, 8 rds.
Young Montreal beat Joe Nelson, 8 rds.
Benny Bass beat Chick Kansas, 6 rds.

20—Yonkers (Columbus Sporting Club):
Pete Hobin beat Al Norton, 12 rds.

20—Denver, Colo.:
Fred Fulton beat Capt. Bob Roper, 5 rds.

20—Passaic (Hamilton A. C.):
Dick Colon beat Jimmy Cooney, 12 rds.
Frankie Passani beat Jimmy Lewis, 8 rds.
Charley Sieger beat Young Hurley, 4 rds.
Mike Tabano beat Young Melkin, 4 rds.
Young Russell beat Joe Young, 4 rds.
Charlie Norton knocked out Eddie Manning, 3 rds.

20—Lewiston, Me.:
Irish Patsy Mulligan knocked out K O Morin, 1 rd.

20—Battle Creek, Mich.:
Kid Buck beat Frankie Mason, 10 rds.

20—Memphis, Tenn.:
Sam Langford knocked out Kid Roscoe, 2 rds.

20—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Michaels knocked out Oakland Frankie Burns, 3 rds.

20—Scranton, Pa.:
Jack McCarron beat Young Fisher, 10 rds.

21—Newark (Troxler's Arena):
Buck Thomas beat Patsy Logan, 8 rds.
Jimmy Gill knocked out Harry Oxford, 5 rds.
Jimmy Clark beat Richard Finn, 6 rds.

21—Brooklyn (27th Signal Corps):
Joe Lusardy knocked out Jimmy Hirsh, 1 rd.
Charley Regan knocked out Joe Garcia, 1 rd.
Willie Miller knocked out Mike Kenny, 2 rds.

21—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Babe Asher beat Frankie Jummati, 10 rds.
Battling Hess and Al Wolgast, draw, 10 rds.

21—Philadelphia, Pa. (Cambria Club):
Al Verbecken knocked out Joe Geiger, 6 rds.
Georgie Russell knocked out Young Mulligan, 2 rds.
Danny Gordon knocked out Willie Clark, 2 rds.
Joe Darrow knocked out Terry Pennock, 2 rds.
Jimmy Hanlon beat Johnny Ennis, 6 rds.

21—Hazleton, Pa.:
Johnny Wilson and K O Jaffe bout declared no contest in 4 rds.
Jimmy Monroe beat Tommy Thomas, 10 rds.

22—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Frankie Jerome beat Harry London, 12 rds.
Bobby Bolin and Tommy Milton, draw, 12 rds.
Johnny Gunning beat Johnny Jaeger, 6 rds.

22—Brooklyn (Rink Sporting Club):
Sam Mossberg and Mickey Donley, draw, 12 rds.
Jack Bernstein beat Bert Spencer, 12 rds.
Joe Wright beat Joe Reed, 6 rds.

22—N. Y. (9th Coast Armory):
Joe Fox won on a foul from George Campbell, 4 rds.
Jimmy Foley beat Young Lippton, 12 rds.
Al Hoffman knocked out Young Peppee, 2 rds.
James Valentino beat Johnny Hayes, 4 rds.
Al Dana and Mickey Ferrin, draw, 4 rds.
Danny Howard beat George Burns, 4 rds.

22—Hackensack (Armory):
Phil Salvador knocked out Frank Olson, 2 rds.

22—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Charley (Kid) Kohler beat Johnny Solzberg, 12 rds.

22—47th Regiment Armory:
Earl Corbett knocked out Nat Levine, 2 rds.

24—Philadelphia (Olympia A. A.):
Phil Salvadore beat Alex Hart, 8 rds.
Pete Hobin beat Mike Credell, 8 rds.
Ad Stone knocked out Otto Hughes, 4 rds.
Benny Berrish beat Willie Green, 6 rds.
Pedro Compos beat Jimmy Marino, 6 rds.

24—Liverpool:
Charley Ledoux beat Thomas Harrison, 15 rds.

24—London:
Bombardier Wells knocked out Alfred Lloyd, 10 rds.

24—Paris:
Billy Balzac beat Maurice Pruiner, 20 rds.

24—Cincinnati:
Danny Frush beat Jack Lawler, 10 rds.
Henry Coletta beat Oscar Kuff, 8 rds.
Tony Carcifero beat Pat McAllister, 4 rds.
Young Epp beat Steve Friedman, 1 rd.
Dick Crampton and Jack Smith, draw, 6 rds.

24—Buffalo:
Morey Loven knocked out Red Cameron, 3 rds.
Harry White and Harry Mueller, draw, 10 rds.
Dick Dundee beat Red Riley, 6 rds.
Harry Raskin knocked out Johnny Ruhland, 6 rds.

24—Montreal:
Sid Marks knocked out Joe St. Onge, 5 rds.
Joe Burman beat Marty Collins, 10 rds.

24—Detroit:
Sid Barbarian beat Tony Zill, 10 rds.
Gene Larue knocked out Sammy Frasco, 1 rd.

24—Columbus, Ohio:
Phil O'Dowd, of Columbus, knocked out Solly Epstein, 1 rd.

24—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Joe Tiplitz beat Joe Dempsey, 12 rds.
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Lew Brody, 9 rds.
Joey Silvers beat Lew Turgen, 6 rds.
Sid Chaplin and Victor Flores, draw, 4 rds.

24—New York (Star Sporting Club):
Jimmy Kelly beat Wildcat Nelson, 12 rds.
Willie Fentour knocked out Mike Irwin, 4 rds.
Leonard Young beat Kid Harris, 6 rds.
Spider Martin beat Jimmy Rogers, 4 rds.

24—New York (Brighton Boxing Club):
Al Roberts beat Sailor Martin, 12 rds.
Young Zocone and Johnny O'Leary, draw, 12 rds.
Willie Mack beat Midget Griffo, 4 rds.
Joe Burnett beat Charley Stecher, 4 rds.

24—New York (Freeport Sporting Club):
Ray West won on a foul from Lew McFarland, 1 rd.
Joe Daly beat Pete Williams, 10 rds.
Jack Elliott beat Marvel Redaut, 6 rds.
Johnny Fitzsimmons beat Harry Branden, 4 rds.

24—Troy, N. Y.:
Willie Garber beat Young Rogers, 12 rds.

24—Boston, Mass.:
Pete Herman beat Roy Moore, 10 rds.
Jimmy Fruzetti knocked out Johnny Downs, 8 rds.
Paul Doyle beat Mike Paulson, 10 rds.

24—Jamestown, N. Y.:
Benny Valger and Phil Logan, draw, 10 rds.

24—Toledo, Ohio:
Carl Tremaine and Terry Martin, draw, 12 rds.

24—Memphis, Tenn.:
Al Monroe knocked out Vic Moran, 3 rds.

24—Allentown, Pa.:
Tommy Billiard beat Plowboy Harris, 10 rds.
Lew Herman and Bobby Williams, draw, 8 rds.
Roddy McDonald beat Johnny Krause, 8 rds.
Buck Moran knocked out Young Moy, 2 rds.
Young Roberts beat Kid Hogan, 4 rds.

24—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Indian Russell beat Tiny Trinkle, 12 rds.

Peter Husic knocked out Tommy Kilbane, 5 rds.
Ralph Repman knocked out Sergeant Robertson, 2 rds.
Fred Horvath knocked out Captain Kirsch, 1 rd.

24—Lancaster, Pa.:
George Chip beat Frankie Maguire, 8 rds.
Rosey Stoy beat Maxey Williamson, 8 rds.
Eddy Dempsey knocked out Sammy Kautz, 5 rds.

24—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Charlie O'Neill beat Johnny Dougherty, 8 rds.
Bobby Wolgast knocked out Little Bear, 2 rds.
Buddy Daley beat Tommy Wilson, 8 rds.
George Russell and Tommy Stevenson, draw, 6 rds.
Otis Robinson knocked out Battling Dexter, 3 rds.

24—Hamilton, Ont.:
Bobby (Bad News) Eber Beat Jean Demora, 10 rds.
Eddie Gallagher beat Harry Stone, 8 rds.

24—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Youssel Perlstein knocked out Cleve Hawkins, 4 rds.

24—Indianapolis:
Jimmy Dalton beat Patsy McMahon, 10 rds.
Sidney Glick and Bobby Bridges, draw, 8 rds.

25—New York (9th Regiment Armory):
Joe Malatei outpointed Sammy Cashin in twelve rounds.
Jimmy Mack knocked out Tommy Hillet in the fourth round.

25—Harrison, N. J.:
Philly Lewis knocked out Tommy Speno in the ninth round.

25—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Michaels knocked out Bert Forbes in two rounds.

25—Baltimore (National A. C.):
George (K. O.) Chaney beat Shamus O'Brien in twelve rounds.

25—Akron, Ohio:
Joe Burke beat Bob Martin in ten rounds.

26—St. Louis, Mo.:
Patsy Flanagan knocked out Solly Epstein, 5 rds.

27—New York (102nd Medical Corps):
Benny McCoy beat Young Diamond, 12 rds.
K. O. (Red) O'Neill beat Harry Peterson, 8 rds.
Willie Burke beat Johnny Ludlow, 4 rds.
Joe Young defeated Andy Roseile, 4 rds.
Al Kaufman beat Joe Darcey, 4 rds.

27—Philadelphia:
Earl France defeated George (Young) Erne, 8 rds.
Al Wagner defeated Johnny Reisler, 8 rds.
Battling Murray and Charley Ray, draw, 8 rds.
Peck Miller beat Youssel Perlstein, 6 rds.
George K. O. Chaney defeated Jimmy Hanlon, 8 rds.

27—McKeesport, Pa.:
Freddie Lux defeated Tommy Phillips, 10 rds.
Mike Moran defeated Mike Dundee, 6 rds.
Young Schaeffer stopped Doc Lang, 6 rds.
K. O. Ferry knocked out Jess Hoak, 6 rds.

27—Uniontown, Pa.:
Johnny Donnelly defeated Bobby Ward, 10 rds.
Eddie Borland knocked out Johnny Pollack, 3 rds.
Tony Pasquale knocked out Young Spenack, 4 rds.
Dutch Lyons and Eddie Garrow, draw, 6 rds.

27—Lowell, Mass.:
Newport Johnny Brown defeated Willie Corbett, 10 rds.

27—Worcester, Mass.:
Harry Carlson defeated Sailor Byron, 10 rds.

27—Scranton, Pa.:
Steve Latzo knocked out Eddie Bratton, 2 rds.
Al Weiss defeated Lew Schrupp, 8 rds.
Johnny Rose defeated Danny Rogers, 6 rds.

27—New Orleans:
Billy Miske beat Martin Burke, 15 rds.

27—Montreal:
Frankie Fleming and Oscar Deschamps, draw, 10 rds.
Sonny Smith defeated Mickey, 10 rds.

28—New York (Pioneer A. C.):
George Daly beat Louis Guglielmi, 12 rds.
Joe Vidas knocked out Frank Johns, 4 rds.
Bud Dempsey beat Tommy Tobin, 8 rds.
Andy Davis beat Jack Cole, 4 rds.
Jack Seneca knocked out Chief Halftown, 1 rd.

28—New York (15th Infantry Armory):
Young Otto and Joey Fox, draw, 12 rds.
Bud Sanders and Frankie Fitzpatrick, draw, 12 rds.

28—Oklahoma City:
Mike Gibbons beat Young Fitzsimmons, 10 rds.

28—Long Branch (Ocean Park A. A.):
Willie Davis beat Sammy Stone, 12 rds.
Buck Walters beat Bud Spratley, 10 rds.
Al Diamond beat Artie Bird, 8 rds.

28—Newburgh, N. Y.:
Sergeant Danny Twoomey beat Sailor Jimmy White, 10 rds.

28—Toronto:
Frank Barrieau beat Johnny Klesch, 10 rds.

28—Minneapolis:
Billy Ryan knocked out Ray Conly, 8 rds.

28—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Tommy Loughran beat Billy Darcy, 12 rds.

28—Philadelphia, Pa. (Cambria A. C.):
Joe McCabe beat Joe Leitz, 8 rds.
Pedro Campo beat Johnny Paxson, 8 rds.
Hughey Murray beat George Russell, 8 rds.
Joe Spencer and Irish Eddie Dempsey, draw 8 rds.
Jimmy Ennis and Jack Ross, draw, 8 rds.

28—Newark (Troxler's Arena):
Young Jeffries beat Jack Goldie, 8 rds.
Ed Raven knocked out Lew Hornig, 3 rds.
Bobby Morris knocked out Augie Wagner, 4 rds.

28—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Terry McHugh beat Chalky Wimler, 12 rds.

28—Hazleton, Pa.:
Wildcat Nelson beat Johnny Riley, 10 rds.

28—Brockton, Mass.:
Frankie Quill beat Billy Carney, 10 rds.

28—Biddeford, Me.:
Dusty Dumont and Emil Gaugin, draw, 12 rds.

28—Johnstown, Pa.:
Ray Pryol beat Bernie Conway, 10 rds.

28—Salem, Mass.:
Porky Diggins beat Mike Paulson, 10 rds.

28—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Gene Ferrier beat Sailor Bryon, 10 rds.

28—Fall River, Mass.:
Benny Valger and Johnny Lisse, referee stopped bout 3 rd. no contest.

28—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Tommy O'Brien beat Joe Jawson in ten rounds.
Earl McArthur beat Frankie Schmalzer, 10 rds.

28—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Young Hoppe knocked out Eugene Volaire, 2 rds.
Georgie Marks and Teddy Salva, draw, 10 rds.
Bud Soules knocked out Sailor Ashmore, first rd.
Jimmy Butler defeated Jimmy Hackley, 4 rds.

28—Portland, Ore.:
Morgan Jones and George Burns, draw, 10 rds.
Jimmy Sacco and Johnny Trambitas, draw, 10 rds.
Jimmy Valentine beat Mike Mitchell, 6 rds.
Johnny Carlson beat Fred Farrelly, 4 rds.

29—New York—Ninth Coast Defense Armory:
Henny Catena beat Bobby Doyle, 12 rds.
Leo Wedo knocked out Jerry Martin, 2 rds.
Danny Davis beat Joe Paul, 6 rds.
Tommy Fay and Tommy Baker, draw, 6 rds.
Bob La Ray knocked out Eddie Miller, 1 rd.

29—New York—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Jack Sharkey beat Harry London, 12 rds.
Johnny Cooney beat Mike Arra, 12 rds.
Billy Wolpin and Artie Scoldese, draw, 6 rds.
Artie Lyons knocked out Jack Jacobs, 1 rd.

28—Brooklyn — Rink Sporting Club:
Kid Sullivan won on a foul from Joe King Leopold, 9 rds.
Nick Foley beat Happy Mahoney, 8 rds.
Charlie Ryder beat Mickey Brown, 8 rds.
Jimmy Hutchinson beat Scotty Williams, 6 rds.
Georgie Hurley beat Georgie Fitzsimmons, 6 rds.

29—Brooklyn — Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Joe Mendell knocked out Freddie Reese, 5 rds.
Jack Worman and Joe Daly, draw, 10 rds.
Jimmy Joyce knocked out Freddie Lewis, 2 rds.
Ernie Kohler beat Mickey Maff, 4 rds.

29—Brooklyn — Forty-seventh Regiment:
Marty Silvers knocked out Smiling Brooks, 2 rds.
Johnny Mack knocked out Paulie Mack, 5 rds.

MAY

1—Brooklyn — Broadway Exhibition Association:
Johnny Gannon beat Johnny Gray, 12 rds.
Jackie Norman beat Jimmie Mars, 8 rds.
Dutch Brandt beat Willie Daney, 12 rds.
Joe Frisco and Jackie Coburn, draw, 6 rds.
Lew Goldberg and Willie McCoy, draw, 4 rds.

1—Freeport, L. I. — Freeport Sporting Club:
Danny Lynch beat Jack Stone, 12 rds.
Al Ketchell knocked out Jerry Murphy, 7 rds.
Johnny Winters knocked out Andy Johnson, 1 rd.
Sol Manners and Young Callahan, draw, 4 rds.

1—Quebec:
Kid Dube knocked out Georges Girardin, 5 rds.

1—Boston:
Eddie Shevlin beat Nate Seigel, 10 rds.

1—Columbus:
Eddie O'Dowd beat K. O. Joe O'Donnell, 12 rds.

1—Marion, Ohio:
K. O. Jaekie beat Teddy Meyers, 12 rds.

1—Cincinnati:
Joe Lohman beat Joe White, 10 rds.
Dutch Chandler knocked out Joe Hurst, 2 rds.
Oscar Koff knocked out Eddie Leonard, 3 rds.
Tommy Sparks and Billy Ray, draw, 6 rds.

1—Baltimore:
Henry Darneille beat Sailor Jack Carroll, 1 rd.
Charles O'Neill beat Stanley Meyers, 6 rds.
Charley Ray beat Nick Brown, 6 rds.

1—Troy:
Mixer Mitchell and Red Mack, draw, 12 rds.

1—Buffalo:
Jimmy Goodrich knocked out Rube Cohen, 5 rds.
Murray Soren beat Harry Raskin, 10 rds.
Bud Riley beat Tiny Blacksmith, 10 rds.
Luke Carr beat Bud Merritt, 6 rds.
Jerry Donovan knocked out Joe Ortman, 1 rd.

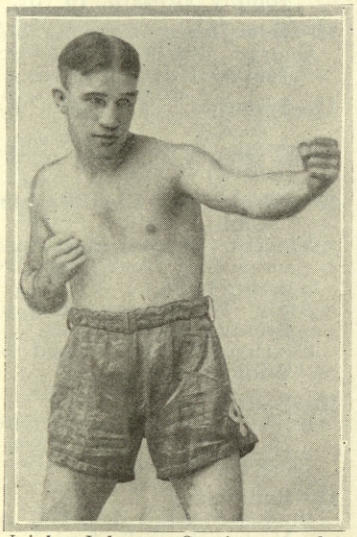
1—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Charley Elkins, 10 rds.

1—New Orleans:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out Harry Foley, 6 rds.
Chick Burns and Joe Lewis, draw, 4 rds.
Frank Demars beat Joe Cook, 6 rds.

1—Detroit:
Bob Sage beat Jackie Clark, 10 rds.
Harry Webb knocked out Walter O'Malley, 3 rds.
Billy Ryan beat Eddie Jordan, 4 rds.

1—Zanesville, Ohio:
Charles O'Connell beat Farmer Stewart, 12 rds.
Joe Peppers beat Billy Kimm, 8 rds.
Micky O'Brien knocked out Buddy Fox, 1 rd.

1—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Michaels and Frankie Rogers, draw, 4 rds.
Harry Casey knocked out Larry Coleman, 3 rds.



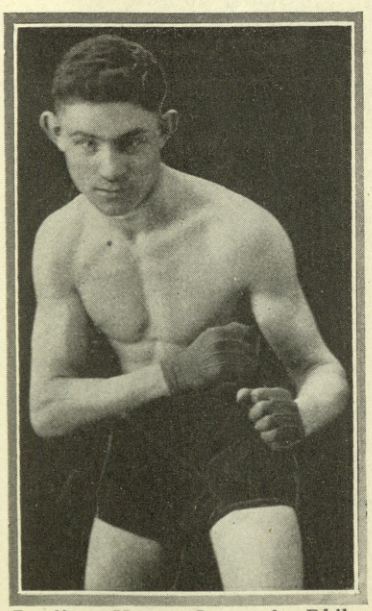
Irish Johnny Curtin, a clever Jersey featherweight

1—Los Angeles—Vernon Arena:
Danny Kramer beat Sailor Kramer, 4 rds.
Kid Mexico beat Jack Inman, 4 rds.

2—Eldorado, Ark.:
Frankie Tucker and Young Leonard, draw, 10 rds.

2—New York—Madison Square Garden:
Vincent (Pepper) Martin knocked out Babe Herman, 1 rd.
Sammy Sieger and Tommy Noble, draw, 12 rds.
Sid Bernard beat Luke Tenner, 6 rds.
Hilly Levine and Joe Ryder, draw, 4 rds.

2—Newark, N. J.—Broad A. C.:
Phil. Krug knocked out Eddie Nugent, 8 rds.



Battling Harry Leonard, Philadelphia featherweight, who is making good in New York

Charley Triano beat Jimmy Freda, 6 rds.
Philly Lewis and Jack Rappaport, draw, 10 rds.
Willie Gans beat Young Russell, 4 rds.

2—Reading, Pa.:
Young Dencio knocked out Mickey Morris, 2 rds.
Joe Flannery beat Ray Delmont, 8 rds.

2—New Kensington, Pa.:
Eddie Pinchot beat Johnny (K. O.) Michaels, 10 rds.
Young Carden knocked out Young Phillips, 2 rds.
Kid Stalling beat Young Schaeffer, 6 rds.
Young Dempsey beat Frankie Duff, 6 rds.

2—Providence, R. I.:
Harry Martin and Danny Lee, draw, 10 rds.

2—Atlantic City:
Al Gordon and Bobby Wolgast, draw, 8 rds.
Max Williamson and K. O. Leonard, bout stopped, 12 rds.

2—Mingo Junction:
Johnny Fundy beat Battling Bytosh, 10 rds.
Bull Miller, knocked out Battling Kellmeier, 1 rd.
Pat Gallagher and Kid Sweeney, draw, 4 rds.

2—York, Pa.
Leo Houck beat Herman Miller, 8 rds.
Joe Dorsey and Billy Wash, draw, 8 rds.

3—Oakland, Cal.—Oakland Auditorium:
Teddy O'Hara knocked out Young Brown, 3 rds.
Tod Morgan and Young Farrell, draw, 4 rds.
Young Carmen beat Harry Pelsinger, 4 rds.
Pete Francis and Eddie White, draw, 4 rds.
Charley Joes and Sammy Compagne, draw, 4 rds.
George Ginnons knocked out Nick Alexson, 2 rds.
Johnny Conde and Charley Dundee, draw, 4 rds.

3—Chicago:
Sammy Mandell won on a foul from Georgie Spencer, 5 rds.

3—Oakland—Association Club:
Johnny Lamar beat Frankie Baker, 4 rds.
R. Lee beat Jack Flynn, 4 rds.
Red Lewis and Bob Tierney, draw, 4 rds.
Frankie Gomex knocked out Eddie Kelly, 3 rds.
Frankie Kelly beat Julio Goldini, 4 rds.
Dick Allen knocked out Eddie Cann, 1 rd.
Pete Berry knocked out Patsy Sloan, 1 rd.

3—Youngstown, Ohio:
Jeff Smith knocked out Bob Martin, 7 rds.
Tim Drexler beat Dick Mette, 8 rds.
Eddie Higgins won on foul over Johnny Riley, 1 rd.
Joe Pogen and Eddie Cunningham, draw, 4 rds.
Young Naples beat Eddie Heenan, 4 rds.

3—Guymon, Okla.:
Chief John Metoqua knocked out Jim Flynn, 6 rds.

3—Cumberland, Md.:
Fay Kaiser beat Wolf Larsen, 12 rds.

4—Philadelphia, Ice Palace:
Pete Hobin beat Jack Palmer, 8 rds.
Young Joe Borrell beat Phil Kaplan, 8 rds.
Lew Paluso beat Ping Bodie, 6 rds.
Young Coster beat Willie Fuller, 6 rds.
Ray Mitchell knocked out Joe Egan, 2 rds.

4—Yonkers, N. Y.—Columbus Sporting Club:
Red Monroe beat Billy Fitzsimmons, 12 rds.
Bobby Bolin beat Jimmy Jackson, 10 rds.

4—Passaic, N. J. — Hamilton A. A.:
Tim Kelly knocked out Tommy Billiards, 6 rds.
Frankie Fasano beat Teddy Samacka, 10 rds.
Sandy Nugent beat Kid George, 6 rds.
Charlie Norton beat Tommy Kelly, 4 rds.
Eddie Felsh knocked out Eddie Mack, 2 rds.

4—New York — 102 Medical Regiment Armory:
Johnny Marto knocked out Johnny Bush, 4 rds.
Charley Murray and Petey Hayes, draw, 10 rds,
George Shurby knocked out Jack Molson, 2 rds.

4—Hartford, Conn.:
Soldier Bartfield and Jimmy Kelly, draw, 12 rds.

4—Tacoma, Wash.:
Bobby Michaels and Jimmy Sacco, draw, 6 rds.
Joe Eagan beat Eddie Hammond, 6 rds.

4—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat Marty Summers, 10 rds.

4—Williamsport, Pa.:
Frankie Maguire beat Jack McCarron, 10 rds.

4—Lowell, Mass.:
Porky Dillon beat Johnny Avilla, 10 rds.

4—Orange, N. J.:
Joe Senter knocked out Young Seltser, 2 rds.
Jack Crawford knocked out Harry McCrea, 9 rds.
Johnny Coles knocked out Mickey Bergeron, 2 rds.

4—Harrison, N. J.:
Oliver Gardner beat Harry Cadman, 8 rds.

4—McKeesport, Pa.:
Jack Perry beat Johnny Ward, 10 rds.
Lew Bodell beat Young Roscoe, 6 rds.
Bobby Burns knocked out Young Duffy, 3 rds.
Cuddy De Marco beat Vincent Gelmars, 6 rds.

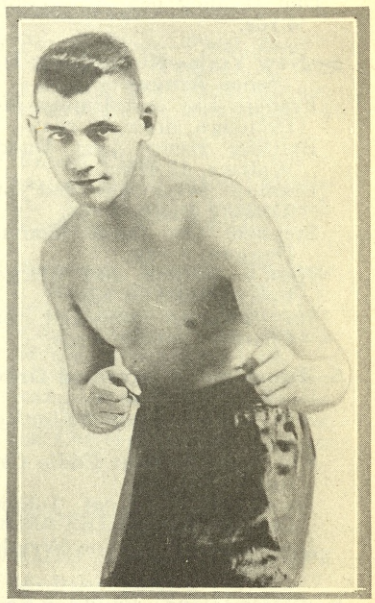
4—Warren, Ohio:
Mickey Forkins beat Johnny Shea, 10 rds.
Patsy Flanagan beat Mike Sanfrey, 8 rds.
Shifton Dandoy beat Paul Young, 6 rds.

5—New York—Madison Square Garden:
Lew Tendler beat Johnny Dundee, 15 rds.
Danny Frush knocked out Tony Caponi, 7 rds.
Johnny Drummie and Johnny Darcy, draw, 6 rds.
Willie O'Connell beat Louis Guglielmi, 4 rds.

5—Fall River, Mass.:—Casino A. C.:
Abe Goldstein knocked out Billy Massott, 2 rds.

5—Omaha, Neb.:
Jack Britton beat Cowboy Padgett, 10 rds.

5—Philadelphia—Cambria A. C.:
Matty Brooks won on foul from Henry Hauber, 3 rds.
Benny Bass knocked out Joe Bradley, 2 rds.
Jimmy Baxter beat Johnny Mayhock, 6 rds.
Young Hank McGowan beat Al Gordon, 6 rds.



Jock Malone, St. Paul middleweight, who ranks with the world's best in his division. Jock is after Wilson's title

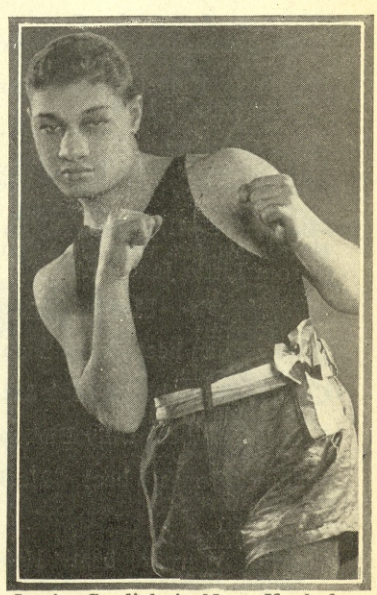
Danny Rodgers beat Frank Smith, 6 rds.
4 rds.

5—New York — Fifteenth Infantry Armory:
Jackie Moore beat Fighting Fitzpatrick, 10 rds.
Kid Rash beat Otto Edwards, 10 rds.

5—Salem, Mass. — Naukeag A. A.:
Bert Jones knocked out Tibble Lowery, 2 rds.

6—Queensboro A. C., Brooklyn:
Mike O'Dowd beat Mike Gibbons, 12 rds.

6—New York — Commonwealth Sporting Club:



Louis Guglielmi, New York bantam, who is rapidly coming to the fore

Frankie Jerome and Sammy Nable, draw, 12 rds.

6—Brooklyn — Rink Sporting Club:
Archie Walker beat Jack Bernstein, 12 rds.
Johnny Lisse beat Eddie James, 12 rds.
Joe Smith beat Al Kane, 6 rds.
Oakey Keyes knocked out Young Willie Fitzgerald, 2 rds.
Dan Whiney beat Joe Tobin, 4 rds.

6—New York—Ninth Coast Defense Armory:
Frankie Fay and Jimmy McDonough, draw, 12 rds.
Battling Henry beat Buddy Wallace, 12 rds.
Frankie Marr knocked out Tommy Reily, 3 rds.
Stephen Ceo beat Sammy Duggan, 4 rds.
Jimmy Collins and Mickey Ferrin, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Driscoll knocked out Charles Carroll, 3 rds.

6—Brooklyn—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Andy Thomas beat Sailor Joe Kelly, 12 rds.
Kid Williams beat Eddie Carroll, 10 rds.
Jimmy Harris beat Johnny Dresser, 6 rds.
Jimmy Rees beat Joe Wright, 4 rds.

8—Staten Island—Brighton Boxing Club):
Jimmy Duffy and Willie Curry, draw, 12 rds.
Jackie Cope knocked out Andy Davis, 1 rd.

8—Freeport, L. I. — Freeport Auditorium:
Dave Rosenberg knocked out Zulu Kid, 3 rds.
Frankie Coster beat Eddie white, 10 rds.
Jackie Murray beat Johnny Levine, 6 rds.

8—London:
Soldier Horace Jones knocked out Guardsman Penwill, 1 rd.

8—Quebec:
Kid Dube beat Joe Leonard, 10 rds.

8—Boston—Arena A. C.:
Dave Shade beat Paul Doyle, 10 rds.
Hambone Kelly knocked out Tony Smith, 1 rd.

8—New Orleans:
Phil Salvador beat Basile Galiano, 8 rds.

8—Baltimore—Olympia A. C.:
Benny Swartz, won on a foul from Little Jeff, 8 rds.

8 — Pittsburgh — Motor Square Garden:
Bricky Ryan beat Patsy Scanlon, 10 rds.
Charley Dunn beat Frank McNicholas, 6 rds.
Lew Bodell beat Billy Bishop, 4 rds.
Johnny Jones beat Mark Snap, 6 rds.

8—Lynn, Mass.:
Charlie Werner beat Nate Siegal, 10 rds.

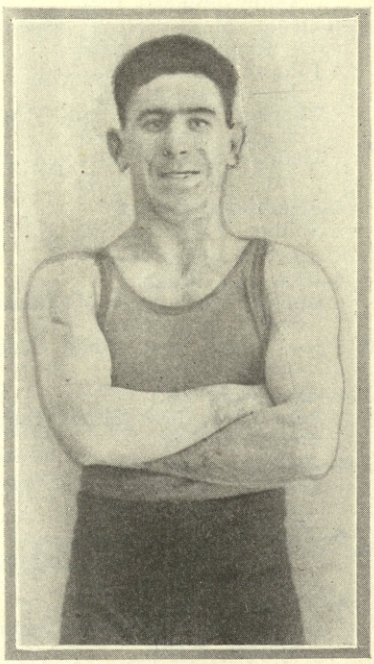
8—Portsmouth, Ohio:
K O Eggers quit to Tut Jackson, 1 rd.

8—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Frankie Murray beat Billy Pimpus, 8 rds.
Johnny Gardener beat Preston Brown, 8 rds.
Matty Dechter beat Jimmy Baxter, 8 rds.
Jerry Whalen and Ray Mulligan, draw, 6 rds.

8—Easton, Pa.:
Right Cross beat Al Fisher, 10 rds.
Mickey Mack and Jimmy Duffy, draw, 8 rds.

8—Scranton, Pa.:
Al. Murphy beat Jimmy Goodrich, 10 rds.

8—Sandusky, Ohio:
Vic Cragg knocked out Pat Carbey, 2 rds.
Shorty Burch knocked out Battling Spinnell, 5 rds.
Jimmy Duffy and Joe Tonney, draw, 6 rds.



Sid Marks, Canadian lightweight champion

8—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Indian Russell and Battling Chink, draw, 10 rds.
Dutch Chandler knocked out Jack Hemple, 1 rd.
Kid Rose knocked out Kid Gray, 3 rds.
Battling McCormick and Jack Rose, draw, 6 rds.

8—Troy, N. Y.:
Johnny Leonard beat Willie Gerber, 12 rds.
Happy Mahoney beat Lefty Pierce, 11 rds.

8—Mansfield, Ohio:
Tony Zill and Battling Joe Nelson, draw, 10 rds.
Dick Mette beat Al Palmer, 8 rds.
Sammy Ciminelli beat Battling Sherbine, 6 rds.
Dutch Boals knocked out Cad Wilkinson, 3 rds.
Sammy Hughes beat Al Cook, 4 rds.

8—Memphis, Tenn.:
Shifty Logan beat Tommy Hess, 8 rds.
Kid Roux beat Arthur Stigall, 8 rds.

9—New York—Pioneer A. C.:
Jack Sharkey beat Roy Moore, 12 rds.
Joe Frisco beat Buck Fleming, 8 rds.
Spencer Gardener beat Harry Mulchay, 8 rds.
Jimmy Hutchinson beat Dan Guiney, 6 rds.
Tommy Egan knocked out Otto Pierce, 4 rds.

9—Brooklyn—Broadway Exhibition Association:
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Walter Mohr, 10 rds.
Tommy Stapleton and Mickey McMinn, draw, 10 rds. rds.
Young Conway beat Al Triano, 6 rds.
Willie Mack beat George Fitzsimmons, 4 rds.

9—Worcester, Mass:
Jack Perry beat Eddie Shevlin, 10 rds.
Barney Burke knocked out Joe O'Brien, 4 rds.

9—Lancester, Pa.:
Tim Broney beat Tommy O'Toole, 10 rds.

9—Holyoke, Mass.:
Mickey Walker-Eddie Kelley bout called off 2 rds; declared no contest.

9—Jamestown, N. Y.:
Mickey Dillon and K. O. Johnny Michaels, draw, 6 rds.
Jimmy Murray and Jimmy Cauvel, draw, 6 rds.

9—Philadelphia:
Jack Toland won on a foul from Pat Bradley, 2 rds.
Young Muffo knocked out Willie Curry, 3 rds.

9—East Liverpool, Ohio:
Pete Zivic beat Billy Williams, 8 rds.
Young Zabish beat Neal Brogan, 8 rds.
Young Sweeney beat Bob Scott, 4 rds.

9—Scranton:
Al Murphy beat Jimmy Goodrich, 10 rds.

9—Atlanta Ga.:
Jake Abel and "Red" McClachlin, draw, 10 rds.

9—St. Louis, Mo.:
Andy Chaney beat Al Kabbycoff, 12 rds.

9—Seattle, Wash.:
Jimmy Sacco won on a foul from Joe Gorman, 3 rds.

10—Philadelphia—Ice Palace:
Johnny Mealy beat Al Murphy, 8 rds.
Earl France beat Joe Reno, 8 rds.
Jim Holland beat Gunner Arnold, 8 rds.
Young Mickey beat Johnny Krause, 8 rds.
Sam Blackiston beat Joe Bush, 8 rds.

10—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Bob Martin knocked out Soldier Jack Durrell, 1 rd.
Jeff Smith knocked out Otto Hughes, 4 rds.
Tut Jackson knocked out Battling Gross, 2 rds.

10—St. Paul, Min.:
Jack Joseph beat Bobby Ward, 10 rds.

10—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Billy Gorman and Bobby Rideau. 10 rds.
Ivory Eschelman knocked out Jimmy Jordan, 6 rds.

11—102 Medical Regiment Armory:
Jack Marlowe beat Bobby Doyle, 11 rds.
Sammy Michaels and Harry Bowers, draw, 8 rds.
Al Coffin beat Willie Burke, 6 rds.
Harry Moore knocked out Jack Malady, 1 rd.

11—London, Eng.:
George Shade knocked out Johnny Howard, 10 rds.

11—New Jersey—Bayonne A A.:
George Shade knocked out Johnny Howard, 10 rds.

11—Scranton, Pa.—Town Hall A. A.:
Sammy Berne beat Jimmy Turner, 10 rds.

12 — Brooklyn — Rink Sporting Club:
Vincent (Pepper) Martin won on a foul from Gene Delmont, 4 rds.
Andy Thomas knocked out Jimmy Murphy, 4 rds.
Charley Ryder knocked out Willie Daney, 6 rds.

12—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Johnny Harvey, 4 rds. Latter breaking right hand.

12—Baltimore:
Young Sharkey knocked out Mickey Russell, 4 rds.

12—Fall River, Mass.—Casino A. C.:
"Irish" Johnny Curtin beat Frankie Daly, 10 rds.

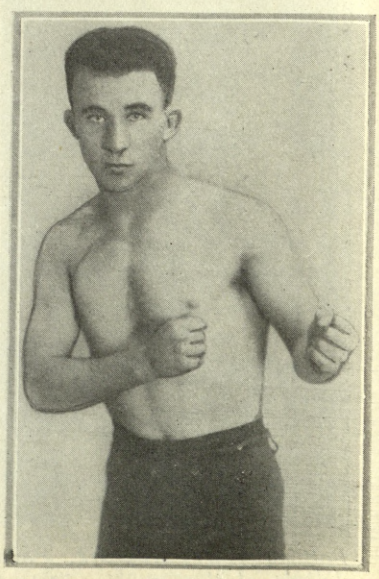
12—Detroit, Mich.:
Danny Frush-Johnny Reisler bout stopped in second round by order of Boxing Commission—declared no contest.

12—Syracuse, N. Y.—Arena A. C.:
Tommy Loughran beat Young Fisher, 12 rds.

12—Louisville, Ky.:
Joe Burman beat Tommy Ryan, 12 rds.
Jack Perry beat Harvey Thorpe, 10 rds.

12—Woonsocket, R. I.—Arena A. C.:
Mickey Donley beat Wildman Gould, 10 rds.

12—New York—Fifteenth Infantry Armory:



Al Norton, welterweight, who held Dave Shade to a 12 round draw

Jackie Moore beat Eddie Smith, 12 rds.
Young Jack Johnson and Frankie Fitzpatrick, draw, 10 rds.

12—Boston, Mass.:
Harry Greb knocked out Al Roberts, 6 rds.

12—Montreal—Mount Royal Arena:
Bermondsey Billy Wells beat Frank Harrison, 10 rds.

13—Brooklyn—Ebbets Field:
Luis Firpo knocked out Jack Herman, 5 rds.
Dave Rosenberg beat Tommy McAleer, 10 rds.
Al Berman and Joe Reed, draw, 4 rds.
Danny Ross and Kimmy Kirk, draw, 6 rds.
Eddie Brady beat Harvey Bright, 8 rds.

13—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Danny Lee knocked out Georgie Daly, 7 rds.
Bobby Bolin beat Phil Rosenberg, 12 rds.
Johnny Gunning beat Archie Martin, 6 rds.
Kewpie Collins beat Young Palmer, 4 rds.

13—Ninth Regiment Armory:
Johnny Lavender beat Joe Leggo, 12 rds.
West Williams knocked out Nat Rippen, 4 rds.
Frankie O'Neill beat Young Wallace, 4 rds.
Johnny Hearns knocked out Willie Roberts, 4 rds.
Al Ianni beat John Xinkeo, 4 rds.

13—Queensboro Athletic Club:
Mike McTogue beat Tommy Robson, 12 rds.
Pete Hobin beat Sammy Good, 8 rds.
Eddie Fletcher beat Billy Brown, 8 rds.
Scotty Williams beat Johnny Levine, 6 rds.
Young Rose and Midget Moore, draw, 4 rds.

13—Ridgewood Grover Sporting Club:
Nick Foley and Charlie Small, draw, 12 rds.

13—New Orleans:
Huffy Littleton defeated Frank Carbone, 15 rds., decison.

17—New York (Pioneer A. C.):
Georgie Ward and Jimmy Kelly, draw, 12 rds.
Larry Regan beat Joe Frisco, 8 rds.
Johnny Murphy knocked out Al West, 5 rds.

17—New Orleans:
Clem Johnson beat Battling Owens, 15 rds.

17—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat Dave Shade, 10 rds.

17—Youngstown, Ohio:
Dick Mette beat Joe Rehor, 10 rds.
Scotty Reaburn knocked out Eddie Lavery, 3 rds.
Jimmie Muchie knocked out Mickey Moore, 1 rd.

ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP BOUTS

SECOND CORPS AREA, FORT SLOCUM

May 18th

FINAL BOUTS

Bantamweight Class
Irla, Fort Slocum, knocked out Morano, Camp Dix, 1 rd.

Lightweight Class
Stanley, Fort Slocum, knocked out Monano, Camp Dix, 4 rds.

Middleweight Class
Lopez, Camp Dix, knocked out Markowich, Camp Vail, 3 rds.

Welterweight Class
Miller, Camp Dix, defeated Conti, Plattsburgh, 8 rds.

Amateur Boxing Tournament

Crescent A. C., April 24

118 Pound Class
Nick Petrosoni, unattached, defeated George Locke, unattached, 3 rds.
Joe Rizinsky, Clark House A. A., defeated Vincent Peppy, unattached, 3 rds.
William Burke, Bronxdale A. C., defeated Phil Block, unattached, 3 rds.
Otto Goldberg, Clark House A. A., knocked out Patrick Gillen, Paulist A. C., 2 rds.
George Heath, Brendan's Club, knocked out Dominick Cella, Kenmare A. C., 1 rd.
Herman Tomashow, Bronxdale A. A., defeated Frank Celano, Lane Boys Club, 3 rds.
William Wiley, unattached, defeated Julius Gruber, unattached, 3 rds.
Morris Roth, unattached, knocked out Al Casper, Rutgers Gym., 1 rd.
Nick Meroussi, Yoerger's Boxing School, knocked out Alfred Butizo, unattached, 1 rd.

Heavyweight Class
Otto Neilson, Norwegian Turn Society, defeated Henry Hermowitz, Clark House, 3 rds.
Alex Scliar, Union Settlement A. C., knocked out Charles Nelson, Norwegian Turn Society, 3 rds.

138 Pound Class
Frank Reiner, Bronxdale A. C., defeated Joe Haley, Rutgers Gym., 3 rds.

Brooklyn College Club
Broadway Exhibition Association

May 3

118 Pound Class
J. Feidman, Boys' Club, knocked out S. Leonard, Seaman's Gymnasium, 1 rd. T. Riley, Cortlandt A. C., beat R. Schwartz, Rutgers Gymnasium, 3 rds. C. Morris, Loughlin Lyceum, beat R. Caruse, unattached, 3 rds. J. Flynn, Atlantic A. C., knocked out A. Ferrare, Greenwich House, 1 rd. Jack Lipschitz, Johnny Poe A. C., beat Jack Berger, unattached, 3 rds. Max Fehter, Sestum A. C., beat A. Schmidt, unattached, 3 rds.

128 Pound Class
H. Gulotta, National A. C., beat H. Halician, Y. M. C. A, 3 rds. P. Wiener, unattached, knocked out W. Stanley, unattached, 2 rds. S. Goodman, unattached, knocked out F. Davis, Korona Club, 1 rd. E. Galkop, Thirteenth Regiment, beat T. Sigel, Rutgers Gymnasium, 3 rds. F. Whitehead, Y. M. C. A., knocked out T. Kilrath, unattached, 2 rds. L. Yoepp, National A. C., beat M. Bernstein, unattached, 3 rds. L. Stenzler, Yeager's Boxing School, beat H. Greenberg, Marty Allen Assn., 3 rds. D. Goldberg, Wilson A. C., beat Paddy Sullivan, St. James A. C., 3 rds. H. Lewis, unattached, beat R. Durso, unattached, 3 rds.

Madison Square Garden
New York City

May 4

110 Pound Class—Preliminaries
John Reggie, Montauk A. C., beat S. Brantfield, Clark House A. C., 3 rds.
Nat Pincus, unattached, beat Le Roy Powell, St. Christopher Club, 3 rds.

135 Pound Class—Preliminaries
M. J. Smith, Congress Own Council, K. of C., beat Ernie Seitz, Clark House A. C., 3 rds.
B. Bostein, 92nd St. Y. M. H. A., beat A. Pollio, Trinity Club, 3 rds

147 Pound Class—Preliminaries
M. Kawalskie, Holy Name Club, beat Buster Ryan, St. Jerome C. C., 4 rds.
Lew Chester, unattached, knocked out Jack Bhemke, East 51 St. Gym., 3 rds.

160 Pound Class—Preliminaries.
Bunny Feeney, St. Jerome C. C., beat C. Smith, Lenox Hill Settlement, 4 rds.
J. Kehr, Bronxdale A. C., beat W. Florintino, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.

Special Bout
Charles McKenna, S. Alphonus Club, beat Gordon Munce, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.

128 Pound Class—Preliminaries
J. Bunicke, Paulist A. C., beat W. Singer, 92nd St. Y. M. H. A., 3 rds.
Sam Winnie, Henry Street Settlement, beat John Rockford, unattached, 3 rds.

Special Bout—118 Pound Class
Sid Terris, Rutgers Gymnasium, beat W. Cohan, St. Christopher Club, 3 rds.

110 Pound Class—Final Bout
Nat Pincus, unattached, beat John Reggie, Montauk A. C., 4 rds.

135 Pound Class—Final Bout
B. Bostein, 92nd St. Y. M. H. A., beat M. J. Smith, Congress Own Council, K. of C., 3 rds.

147 Pound Class—Final Bout
Lew Chester, unattached, beat M. Kawalskie, Holy Name Club, 3 rds.

128 Pound Class—Final Bout
J. Bunicke, Paulist A. C., knocked out Sam Winnie, Henry Street Settlement, 1 rd.

175 Pound Class
Charlie Kuay, Clark House A. A., beat J. Peppersted, Parkview A. C., 3 rds.

10—Amateur Boxing Tournament:—Bronxdale A. C.:
Wilbur Cohen at Christopher Club knocked out Jimmy Nagle, unattached, 1 rd.
Herman Singer, Glencoe A. C., knocked out Charlie Markley, Yankee Boys Club, 4 rds.
Jack Carter beat Buster Ryan.

AMATEUR INTERCITY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Madison Square Garden

May 17

110 Pound Class (open)
J. Flood, Long Island K. of C., beat J. Copen, Pyramid A. C., 3 rds.
N. Molinari, Long Island K. of C., beat D. Franco, unattached, 3 rds.
F. Hoolihan, St. Raphael's Club, beat P. Forman, unattached, 3 rds.
B. Kroll, unattached, beat A. Ferrari, Greenwich House, 4 rds.

118 Pound Class (open)
C. Indelicato, unattached, beat G. Fussi, unattached, 1 rd.
J. Gold, unattached, beat P. Gillon, Paulist A. C., 4 rds.
A. Gatto, unattached, beat J. Schloss, Coney Island A. C., 3 rds.

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128 Pound Class (open)
Ivan Falkenstein, 92 St. Y. M. H. A., beat Harry Kallivas, 23 St. Y. M. C. A., 3 rds.

Martin Jurkowitz, Fordham University, beat Joel Recht, Educational Alliance, 4 rds. Recht disqualified.

110 Pound Class (open)—Semi-Final
John Flood, Long Island K. of C., beat Al. Williams, unattached, 2 rds.

Intercity Classes

175 Pound Class—Semi-Final
Ben Butler, Trinity Club, Brooklyn, beat D. Manion, Triangle Club, Pittsburgh, 3 rds.

Al. Johnson, K. of C., L. L., beat J. Pepperted, Park View, A. C., Jersey City, 1 rd.

112 Pound Class—Semi-Final
Nat Pincus, unattached, New York, beat George Thais, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, 4 rds.

Louis Perfetti, K. of C., L. I., beat Alex Greenberg, Spha Club, Philadelphia, 3 rds.

118 Pound Class—Semi-Final
George Helmer, Enterprise A. C., Philadelphia, beat Wilbur Cohan, St. Christopher Club, New York, 3 rds.

Austin Bates, Wilmerding Y. M. C. A., Pittsburgh, beat Frank Sportelli, Christ Church House, N. Y., 3 rds.

128 Pound Class—Semi-Final
J. Lobarti, Greenwich House, N. Y., beat Steve Smith, Bridgeport, 2 rds.

John Dever, Kayovia C. C., Philadelphia, beat William Singer, 92 St. Y. M. H. A., 3 rds

May 18

110 Pound Class
N. Molinari, K. of C., Long Island City, beat Barney Kroll, 3 rds.

John Flood, K. of C., Long Island City, beat Frank Hoolihan, St. Raphaels Club, 3 rds.

160 Pound Class
L. Estridge, St. Christophers, beat H. Robinson, Pittsburgh, 3 rds.

Sol Jacobs, Clark House, knocked out D. Wilde, Bridgeport, 3 rds.

147 Pound Class—Semi-Finals
Lew Chester, New York, defeated E. Trachtenberg, Uni. of Penn., 3 rds.

Roland Bond, Pittsburgh, beat Tony Rataratha, Bridgeport, 3 rds.

Special Heavyweight Bout
Jim Murphy, Penn. State, defeated Gordon Munce, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
C. Indelicato, unattached, defeated V. Peppe, unattached, 3 rds.

J. G. Gold, unattached, knocked out Antony Gatti, unattached, 3 rds.

128 Pound Class
Joe Labati, Greenwich House, knocked out John Dever, Philadelphia, 1 rd.

112 Pound Class
Louis Perfetti, K. of C., Long Island City, beat Nat Pincus, unattached, 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
George Helmar, Philadelphia, beat A. Bates, Philadelphia, 3 rds.

175 Pound Class
Al. Johnson, K. of C., Long Island City, defeated Ben Butler, Trinity Club, 3 rds.

160 Pound Class
L. Estridge, St. Christophers, knocked out Sol Jacobs, Clark House, 2 rd.

128 Pound Class
I. Falkenstein, Y. M. H. A., beat M. Jurkowitz by default.

147 Pound Class
Lew Chester won on a foul in the second round from Roland Bond, of Pittsburgh.

110 Pound Class
John Flood, K. of C., Long Island City, beat N. Molinari, K. of C., Long Island City, 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
C. Indelicato, unattached, beat J. Gold, unattached, by default.

135 Pound Class
Joe Ryan, Pittsburgh, beat Dave Weber, Pastime A. C., 4 rds.

Wrestling Bouts
Newark Armory, April 24

Georges Calza won the first fall from Renato Gardini after two hours and forty-eight minutes when the referee disqualified Gardini for fouling.

Calza won the second fall when Gardini refused to continue.

Wladek Zbyszko and Nat Pendleton wrestled thirty minutes to a draw.

Harry Hackenschmidt threw Paul Finicki in fourteen minutes.

Bull Jacobson threw Soldier Levett in ten minutes.

MAY

4—Boston:
George Calza won the first fall from Yousiff Hussane in 11 minutes and 26 seconds.

George Calza won the second fall from Yousiff Hussane in 27 minutes, 30 seconds.

7—Minneapolis:
Strangler Lewis won the first fall from John Freberg, 58 minutes.

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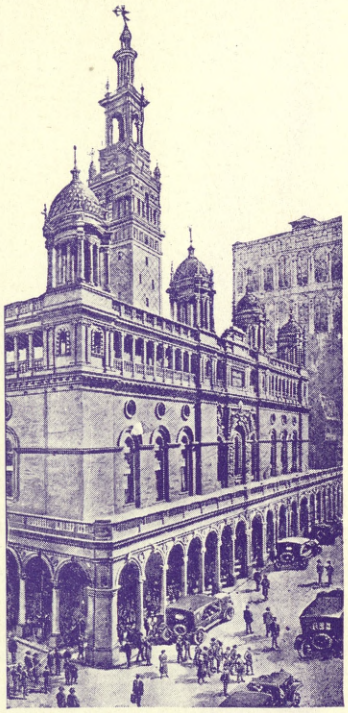

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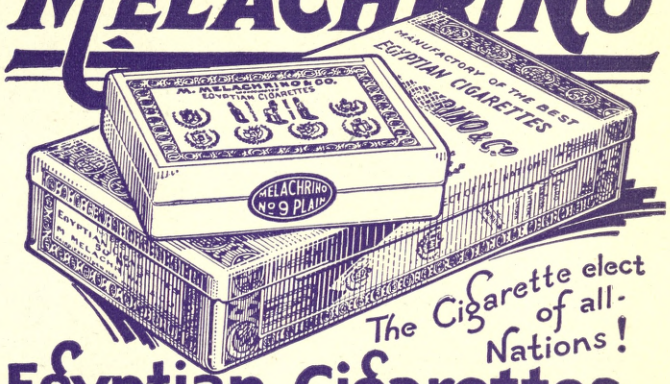

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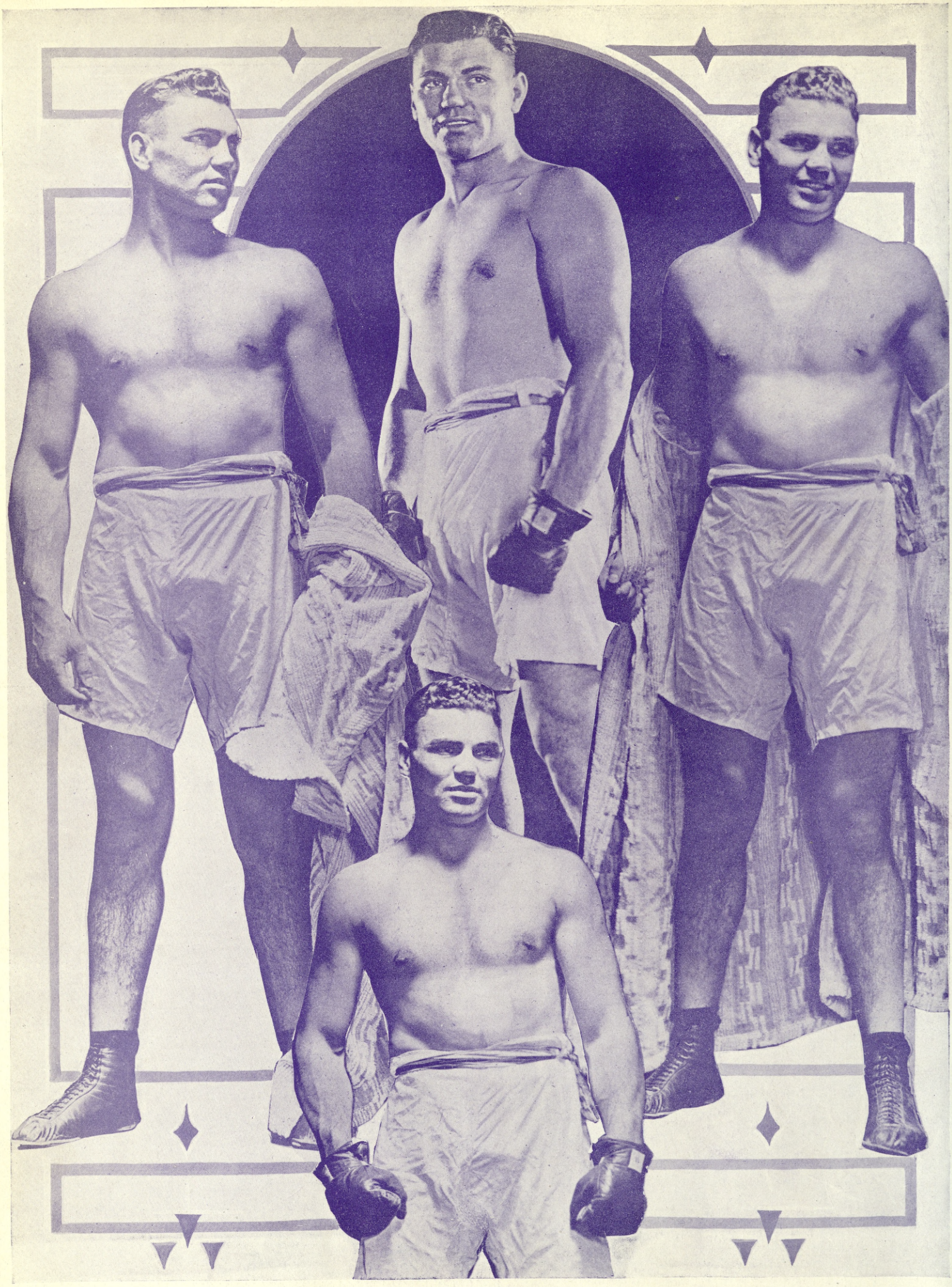

JACK DEMPSEY,

World's Heavyweight Champion, represents the perfect American in build. The above camera poses represent Dempsey as a typical example of a trained athlete.